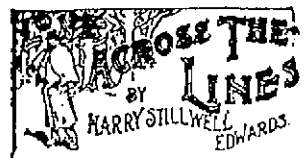


WHOLE NUMBER 8,072.

commission appointed to lay out an ex-

Mr. Noel A. Mitchell has returned from Florida, having left Jack



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CHAPTER X CONTINUED.
"Ah, my God!" And the face upon the pillow was turned away in shame and confusion. After awhile she looked back, a strange light in her eyes.
"What do you want of me?" she asked, suspiciously.

"I wanted to tell you," said Frances, covering her face and sobbing anew. "That I didn't know—of you! That if I had no power on earth could have won my consent. Oh, I have been deceived—cruelly, cruelly."

Louise, who was ignorant that Frances was the girl in the room at the agala. You will not tell, will you?"
"No," said the wretched girl. "Your secret is safe with me. And, oh, I believed in him—I trusted him so!" She wrung her hands and turned away her face.

"It is fortunate you found him out in time," said Louise; "with me, it was too late—too late! But please do not stay here. How did you find me out?"
"The doctor. He told me about you. He has told me everything, and I wanted to see you."

"Don't cry, my dear child. What seems a great sorrow to you now is really a blessing. You have made a miserable woman happy by your coming. Go now! He may enter at any moment, and it would be painful. Go, and don't tell anyone of this visit. Will you promise?"

"I shall keep your secret," said Frances. "It is safe with me. Forgive me—I have made you unhappy."

"I am sorry for you," said Louise, simply. Frances lifted her head proudly.
"You need not be. I am shocked and mortified; that is all. Tomorrow I shall cease to remember him." She was going when Louise called her back.

"Let me see your face again, my child. Ah, how beautiful you are! Good-by, I trust you. Don't grieve about him. He cannot ever be trusted. You were to be the victim of a plot, and your friends are deceiving you. Why, the man is poor; ruined, unless he gets your fortune. He came from Europe to marry you—ah, God, he deserted me, he betrayed his child—for your money. Trust none of them, for they are desperate. They take advantage of your youth—they would persuade you into a hurried marriage."

"But I could not, I could not be bound legally by such a travesty—such a fraud!"

"Your fortune would, and that is what he wants—that, and not you. Secure in that, he would be willing to let you go forever. Oh, but I know him. Give him the shadow of a title to your fortune and you are lost!"

"But to think that Dr. Bradnor could have deceived me so—my mother's friend! I cannot, I cannot believe it!"

"My child, trust no one. Possibly the doctor himself was deceived; it has been long since he knew him; and the man is a finished actor. Trust no man. The man who will not deceive a woman for his own advantage does not live. I know the world. If I do not, who does?" Frances took the hand of the sick woman in both of her own and held it in sympathy and grief.

"I must leave you," she said, brokenly. "Will you not tell me your name? I shall always remember you in my prayers." Louise half raised herself in the bed.

"My name! Then he did not tell you all. No, my child, do not seek to find out my name. Pray for me, if you will—and remember me as a woman more sinned against than sinning. Good night and good-by."

As Frances hurried homeward, shivering and sick with her sorrow, she found herself caught in the whirls and eddies of a great crowd and borne along helplessly past her street. Men carried torches and were cheering themselves hoarse, while horns added



"NO," SAID THE WRETCHED GIRL, "YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME."

their din to the confusion. Upon every bat were the red letters "M.M." It was a demonstration by the famous "Minute Men," who rose in every southern city as they had risen nearly 100 years before when the drums beat. Suddenly she was jammed against a carriage, the progress of which had been stayed by the crowd. Its sole occupant was a pale, silent man. In the glare of the torches his face exactly filled lines in her memory by the brief flame of a match; it was the face of Richard Somers, cold and immobile. Upon the seat by his side was a traveling-bag; his eyes looked out calmly, almost coldly, over her head. He was not southern, he was not a Virginian, and the hour awoke no response within his heart. Impulsively, and forgetting, she stretched her hands upward, but memory returned and checked the words that rose to her lips. Only an inarticulate cry burst from them, a cry low and half smothered in the roar of voices

time of the shooting, now saw her opportunity. She raised herself eagerly. "You are my rival, then. You came only in pity."

"Yes. And to ask your forgiveness. You have nothing to fear from me." A glad light filled the eyes of Louise. She could with difficulty restrain herself and control her voice.

"I believe you," she said. "You will not take him from me—from his child!"

"His child!" Frances was shocked and dismayed. "His child! Is there a child—of his?"

"Yes," said Louise, "but if you reveal that I shall never be allowed to see her. Let low as it was, it reached the occupant of the carriage. Something in that voice, a tone, a vibration, touched a memory-cell. He turned quickly and looked back; a girl holding desperately to the arm of an old negro was being borne along by the tumultuous human wave. For an instant only he saw her white face upturned to his—the loveliest, saddest face his eyes had ever gazed on, and from her lips he heard come back one word—

"Farewell!" Forgetting all but that he was leaving his life somewhere in the fierce passions surging behind him, he made a desperate effort to alight from the vehicle, but so dense was the crowd the door would not open. And then angry men seized the rearing horses and forced them out of the way. When he was free again only a sea of flame, in whose depths human figures seemed to march, met his gaze. It had swallowed up the woman's white face. A great transparency, swaying and wavering like a drunken man, thrust itself before his vision and blotted out the scene. Upon it was the legend: "Down with the Yankees!"

CHAPTER XI.

Sorrow unmingled with remorse is the soul's education. The soul of the woman who grieves in silence broadens and deepens, sending down into her own life far-reaching roots and unfolding upward rare auxiliary blossoms that fill the life about her with divine breathings. Such was the experience of Frances Brooklin. Thrown back upon herself, conscious of innocence, and feeling always the presence of sorrow, the sorrow of a great disappointment, she saw her girlhood slipping away faster than time itself; for it is true that age is the sum of experience rather than years, and all of life may be lived between the setting and the rising of the sun. But with Frances this change was not the shrinking of the soul into forgetfulness; it was an enlargement of view and perspective in which old headlands assumed smaller proportions. New imperative duties they seemed, arose and met her; new responsibilities presented themselves; she faced them all bravely, bravely, bravely. The fine quality of her soul, proper itself in the casting out of all the bitterness which had in the first hours of her misfortune started its citadel and raised somber banners there. The victory over self won by this frail girl was so marvelously complete that no cynicism supplanted her innocent faith in the eternal existence of truth and goodness, and their ultimate triumph over evil. Her touching acceptance of life in its new aspect was not born in a day. There were weeks of anguish; there were months of dull heartache and loneliness; there were tear-wet pillows and nights of crying out against fate; for the death of an ideal is the saddest death in all the universe, since for this there is no resurrection. The girl's ideal of Frances Brooklin was dead at last, and slept under the petals of a faded white rose. Richard Somers was out of her life, out of her heart. The man she loved had never existed, she told herself. He was a dream, a romance, an immaculate conception of a virgin mind. The real man was the unworthy offspring of base, worldly passions; he was nothing to her but a name.

Political events hastened the girl into womanhood and towards that large tolerance with which the strong soul at last invariably encysts the inexplicable and unwelcome facts it cannot avoid. With one leap the fierce south entered the arena of war, and Virginia hills echoed the mingled cheers of contending armies and the thunder of mighty guns. Richmond seemed to have become, as in a day, the center of intrigue and of action. On every side flashed the gold and silver of war's rich trappings. Plumes danced in the breezes and the confederate gray met the eye, rest where it would. From the capitol the banner of a new nation floated proudly, and beneath it echoed the tramp of marching legions, the galloping hoof-beats of horses, through all hours of day and night. Men in this hitherland staid old southern city, hurried under the spur of emotions that seemed born of a contagion in the air, and anxious women went about with willing hands to aid in every department they might invade. Among these, her life adjusting itself easily and gratefully to the new demands, was Frances Brooklin, the tenderness of her fine face softened and deepened into divine womanliness, the love-ray eloquent in her melting eyes.

Swiftly the holiday side of the war had faded out of view. Agonized silence swallowed up laughter. For the drift was coming in from where the storm of battle raged, wrecks of human forms once freighted with life's rarest merchandise. Soon every hospital, every available space in church and public building and the most spacious of private homes were to have their quota of the wounded, the dying, and the dead. The southern woman was entering upon that field of labor in which she achieved her noblest dignity, her finest immortality. Far most among those who first gave their energies, their whole lives to the alleviation of suffering, the inspiration of the hopeless and the despairing, was Frances Brooklin. Free to dispose of her time as she would and with an abundant means at her disposal, she made herself a ministering angel wherever a soldier suffered. Day and night she labored, sustained by boundless patriotism and an elation for which she could not account, try as she would. She failed in her self-analysis from ignorance of the fact that a voice that

has once spoken to the heart is never quite silent afterwards, and that youth when it buries its dead tramples not the sod above it. Fiery hatred of the invader possessed her, as it did her sisters; bred in the bone and nourished with the mother's milk, it could not be quelled except by years of gentle association and a common cause, but by a strange paradox this bitterness excluded every stained and bloody blue uniform or haggard northern face. Out of the fight, these were ever out of the sweep of a southern woman's vengeance. Upon the suffering prisoners Frances delighted to lavish the tenderness of her nature, now broadened and deepened by its own ministry; and something touchingly human carried her among them, although she was not conscious of it.

For this had come to pass: within the heart of Frances Brooklin there lived a fiction, the Richard Somers of her girlhood dreams; Richard Somers as she had seen him face to face one night under the burning match, his voice ringing strong and true and tender upon her hearing. Before him, shutting him into the sanctity of her room, she had dropped a veil of irrelevant gossip, and within that room, seen only through the veil, the man lived and reigned and had his kingdom. Through this veil, too, stirred by the breath of the suffering and the dying of his own country, he spoke gently, tenderly to her in the lonely hours of her vigils. The other Richard had been dismissed, not harshly or hastily not in anger, but sadly—a man unworthy; a man at war with the truth and nobleness of her nature and at war with her people. No one knows how such fictions come about, but the hearts of most women carry them.

And time had helped Frances, for looking back she re-established many vital facts that lessened the sadness of memory; the man must once have been noble—his deeds of mercy and gentleness proved that; innately noble he must have been when she met him, for in the face of a great temptation he had kept his promise to his friend, even to the extent of shifting his eyes against the girl whose arms had been about him, whose lips breathed love for him. And somewhere, despite all the trickery, there was still nobility, for silently he had ridden away, faithful to his friend. He had lain under her hands wounded by the pistol shot, and no woman ever hated a helpless, suffering man. As for his deceptions, his plots, some fearful necessity must have compelled him. The other woman? She had been too base for him—she had been at heart a murderer. She it was who had dragged him down. And was he not caring for the child? Frances would not have admitted it to herself had she realized it, but in the depths of that heart she had forgiven Richard Somers. Her heart was big enough to hold him and all his weakness. Was there a loss of something from her nature? Or was there a gain?

No message had ever come to her from Somers, no good or evil report. None? Yes, just a scrap soon after the war began. From some one, Bradnor, probably, since his name was upon it, she had received a northern paper giving in its war gossip information that Richard Somers had been reinstated in the army and promoted to be captain of artillery.

But one day early in the spring of 1862, when the great federal movement against Richmond was beginning and when every train was bringing in a bloody harvest, she leaned above a wounded enemy. The question so often asked, "To what command do you belong?" drew forth an answer that filled her with excitement. She felt her heart begin to beat madly and her limbs yielding to a sudden excitement.

"Your captain! What is his name?"

"Richard Somers, miss!" How strangely thrilling sounded the name that morning! It was the first time she had heard it spoken since its bearer had said among the flickering shadows of her room: "If to carry in memory the living record of one face will help you, take mine, and with it, right or wrong, the love of Richard Somers."

The scene, never dimmed in all the months that had passed, stood forth again, illumined like some strong picture under the swift magic of the lightning. The wounded man saw in her face the glow of his reflection. Triumph shone in her eloquent eyes, a sudden agitation locked the soft white hands.

"Do you know him, miss?"

"Yes, yes! Is he well—is he safe?" The man read more than she suspected, and turned his eyes away embarrassed. He was singularly helpless from his wounds, and she had his face at her mercy. Her woman's instinct discerned his thought; her lips moved without sound, but her soul was in the appealing look riveted upon him.

"I think—not," he said, reluctantly, at last. "In fact, I know that he is wounded."

"Dead!—you mean?" she gasped in the struggle to conceal her anguish.

"No, miss—not exactly that, but badly wounded—very badly, I am afraid." "Where is he?" She made no effort then to conceal the truth. She was on her knees, her eyes close to his. "In God's name, my friend, tell me—tell me all! Can't you see? Can't you see?" She covered her face, unable to continue.

"I can only tell you what I know, miss. He was not dead when I saw him last. Our guns were in the line when the charge came. The line was broken at both flanks, and the yelling confederates were swarming about us. Every horse we had was down, when word came for us to look out for ourselves, and back we went to escape capture—what was left of us. Well, miss, somebody said then that No. 3 had been left loaded—double-shot with canister; the man at the lanyard had fallen dead just as he lifted his hand to pull. And so the gun stood, ready to be turned upon us. Then Capt. Somers halted and looked about for someone to send back; but I think, miss, he must have seen that the chance was desperate. It was only an instant, and he wouldn't order any man to go; he rushed forward over the 50 yards, reached the gun and seized the cord. He was my captain, and I couldn't leave him there, you know, so I had followed him, too. Then up in front an army of

gray seemed to rise as from the ground, and they fired a volley as he pulled on the lanyard. I threw myself on my face and escaped. When I looked up the crowd ahead was disordered and torn, but still coming on; and the captain lay by his gun. I crawled over and laid my hand upon him.

"Tom," he said, cool as I am right now, I'm gone, but if you get out take the papers in my pocket and my watch to my mother! I took them as he told me. He faints, I think, and I was afraid he was dead, but he breathed again. And then, miss—I hadn't tried it since I was a boy—he was lying upon his face, and rolling over, I lay upon him, back to back, locking my arms through his. Turning over suddenly I had him on me a dead weight, and then, somehow, I got up. The whole thing was not a minute long. The confederates gave me a cheer instead of a volley till the boys rushed back to meet us. I got it in both legs then and this shoulder, and down we went. The boys took him and left me, which was right; for four men had died there to save him and I looked like the fish." Frances was kneeling by the wounded man when he finished, stroking his cheek and brow, her frame trembling.

"Oh, brave! brave!" she cried. "God bless you and keep you—and keep you!" she sank her face beside him, sobbing for joy. "The watch—the papers!" she cried, excitedly, remembering his commission. "Oh, sir, I am his—I am his nearest relative, south! Give them to me, give them to me!"

"In my coat," said the stranger gently, a warm smile upon his pale face. "Don't worry, miss; I guess the captain'll pull through all right." The watch was there, and there too were the letters sealed for his mother ready for delivery if he were picked up dead by friend or foe. No line for her, the woman who loved him once—loved him as she had known him. Upon the inner case of his watch was his own name and address; and still no line for her, the woman who held him so dear. And in the pocket dangling from the chain there were two lines cut into the virgin gold:

"Frances, my wife.
"Richmond, April 13th, 1862."

How roseate then grew life for the girl. He remembered! He had kept her words with him night and day. He loved her; he had told no falsehood for the value of her father's wealth. As she stood by the wounded soldier, his eyes resting in sympathy on her, her own seeing nothing but the face in that half-lit room where her shrine was raised, all that was left of resentment, vanished out of her heart. When afterward she realized this she was amazed and troubled.

One federal soldier at least in all the hosts that fell into confederate hands had no cause to complain of his nursing. A hospital stretcher bore him to the home of Frances Brooklin and into her room. It was her whim, and the stepmother was indulging her whims in those days. There Frances and mammy, with William as a helper and Bradnor as an occasional adviser, lavished on him such care and attention as he had never dreamed was possible, for he was one of those homeless waifs to whom war had promised nothing but excitement and change. It was all a mystery to him, but he questioned not. He accepted the girl's simple statement as to Somers, and was content to let the sun of his prosperity shine on.

One day when the soldier was able to limp about the garden upon his crutches and sit in the shade by the plashing fountain to read in the Dispatch of the great battles being fought

"ASK WHAT YOU WILL, MY CHILD."

around the endangered capital of the confederacy, Frances, bearing the highest testimonials from surgeons and hospital officials as to the conspicuous and devoted service she had rendered, went to the executive mansion and secured admission to the presence of its great chief. Mr. Davis courteously read her papers, and, looking into the earnest face of the fair girl sitting beside him, gave graceful expression to his appreciation of her patriotism.

"Ask what you will, my child," he said, "and if I may consistently grant it your wishes shall be gratified."

"It is the parole of a private soldier," she said, "and a safe-conduct through our lines. He is wounded, but has recovered sufficiently to travel. He will not enter the service again, sir. His injuries incapacitate him."

"And is that all?"

"All!"

"May I ask why this extraordinary interest in a private soldier?"

The president was smiling, his sad, kind face questioning her closer than his lips alone. She described the scene of her friend's heroism, the quick interest of her hearer revealing the kindly heart within him.

"Grand!" he said, briefly. "I should be glad to see him—but no"—and he

turned slightly towards the mass of papers—"the crowd waits."

"The man that this soldier saved," she said, simply, "was a kinsman of mine—one to whom I am greatly indebted."

"And is that all?"

"That is all," she answered. But under the playful, mocking gaze of the president she felt her face grow crimson. He smiled and bowed gravely from his chair when he noticed the tell-tale blush.

(CONTINUED ON THREE PAGE.)

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Papa—Not quarrelling, I hope, children?

"Tommy—Oh, no. We're just having tableaux."

Papa—What does this one represent?

"Tommy—Mamma asking you for a check.—Tit-Bits.

He—Most people take me for a very serious person, Miss Mallyprop. Now, I presume you would never guess that I am full of humorous conceits.

Miss Mallyprop—I would not, myself; but my brother has told me how very comical you are.—Leslie's Weekly.

Laura—I think that Mary is going to be married this spring.

Flora—Why?

Laura—She hasn't had any new clothes since last fall.—Brooklyn Life.

Julius—Would you like to live your life over again?

Edgar—No; but I'd like to spend over again all the money I've spent.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Gad—She's awfully bad for me!—Dorcas—Dreadful. She once brought her baby with her when she attended a mothers' meeting.—Town Topics.

Wife—Why do you buy such a lot of stamps at once?

Husband—So there'll be a few that won't get stuck together.—N. Y. Weekly.

Perkins—It's very strange how people in this world resent the truth.

Fluster—Isn't it?

"Yes, I called a man a liar yesterday, and would you believe it, he got mad as a wet hen. Now, you know as well as I do that we are all liars in a greater or less degree."

"What's that? I presume there are exceptions, sir."—Ohio State Journal.

The Lodge Gag.

Knute Hellson had a good wife named Hulda. Knute stayed out one night. As she sat down to breakfast next morning Hulda began to premeditate certain interrogatories that displeased him at first, but he finally reasoned he had better answer as best he could.

"Where were you last night?" she asked in a breakfast tone of voice.

"Ve had special meeting of te lodge, Hulda, and Aye var dar, ya bat yer boots."

"What did you do at lodge?"

"Yust everyting for te gule of te order."

"Last night you were talking in your sleep and you said something about a twenty-five cent limit. What did you mean?"

"O, das var nodder faller's fault. Hae var talkin' 'bout rasin' te assessment and das mek me hot."

"And you say you 'was in.' What did that mean?"

"Vel, et meant der Aye var member an' haf yount so much to say as anybody."

"When you said 'I'll open it,' what did you mean?"

"Some feller could not get onto te door, Aye vark. You see, rose dear vire, et te lock all tem."

"Another time you said, 'I'll raise you a half.' What did that mean?"

"Det vas vay ve talk te members ven ve shoot 'em trough de skylight. Des en te ritual all right, Aye vark."

"Once or twice I heard you say, 'It's a show-down.' What does that mean?"

"Hulda! Aye haf no right to tal you teings outside of te lodge, but Aye vil tal you dis. Das mek te lodge language. Got bless mine home."

Then she threw her arms about his neck and sobbed.—Chicago Age.

Friend—"Fennyson once received \$10 for one line."

Poe—"Well, on one occasion I wrote one line and received \$20."

Friend—"Extraordinary!"

Poe—"Not at all. You see, I was a student then and I wrote home to father. 'Please send me a twenty' at once."

Mamma, I wish I knew whether Mabel really cares for that young man down there.

Papa. All right. I'll step out to the front door for a minute and peep into the parlor on my way.

Mamma, Nonsense! What could you possibly find out?

Papa. The gas, if she cares for him.

It was at a fashionable boarding house, and they had calves' brains for lunch. She spoke to the gentleman next to her. "And do you like calves' brains, Mr. Dome?"

"I always try to feel content with what I have, madam." There is a time to laugh, even in fashionable boarding houses.

Stranger—Whose place is that over there?

Native—That's the new mansion of one of our sugar refiners.

Stranger—Ah, another "home built" upon the sand.

Native—Say, rather, on the rocks that he made out of sand.

May, Yes, Jack and I are engaged. Do you know our first meeting was quite romantic. I was walking down the street one rainy afternoon, when he stepped up and offered me his umbrella.

Ethel, I see. He was caught in the rain.—Tit-Bits.

"Johnny Smith," cried the teacher to the class who had been expounding, "You know entirely too much. You will finally in after school." "Great Scott!" said Johnny; "you keep me in school 'cause I ain't know enough!"—Es.

"Mrs. Laid used to worry terribly when her husband was away on his trip, but she got over it." "What?" asked her nervousness, I suppose? "No, no, succeeded in making him have his life insured."

River—"You were vaccinated in the right arm? What was that for?"

Books—"That's my rheumatic arm. When the vaccination began to take I didn't notice the rheumatism."

The penitential wanderer sought to obtain the price of a drink from the editor by taking him for a painter. The editor shook his head.

"You're nothing but a tramp," he said.

"That's what I mean," added the wanderer merrily, "a footprinter."

The Perrys in the Navy.

The Washington Post gives the following interesting account of Commodore Perry, the hero of the Expedition to Japan. The Post, however, does not seem to know the name of the distinguished gentleman, as he was Matthew C. Perry, not Matthew G. as the article has it. The Post says:

Many of our contemporaries are giving the wrong Christian name to the Commodore Perry in honor of whom and in commemoration of her own awakening Japan has decided to erect a monument on her own soil. It was not Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, but his younger brother, Matthew Galbraith Perry, who in 1853 forced an entrance into Japanese waters and gave the impetus which, in less than half a century, has raised it from comparative insignificance to the position of power and honor it now holds in the family of nations. Those illustrious brothers, whose achievements fill shining pages in the annals of our navy, were sons of Capt. Christopher Raymond Perry of South Kings-town, R. I., who entered the naval service during the Revolutionary War, and became post captain in 1798. Oliver Hazard was born in 1785, and died in 1819, six years after his great victory, and thirty-five years before his brother commanded the Japan expedition, which has been so great and influential a factor in the affairs of nations. Matthew Galbraith Perry was born in South Kings-town in 1789, entered the navy in 1809, served with Rodgers and Decatur, and in the hard school of the old navy, before the Annapolis cadet supplanted the midshipman, fitted himself for the service that Japan will honor even if his own country continues to neglect monumental commemoration of the men who made our navy famous before our great war of the '60's.—Washington Post.

The Easy Nation.

To the tradespeople of Paris the coming of Americans to the Exposition was a direct interpolation of Providence. Like all other lower Paris were the rules of procedure set forth one morning by the head of a thrifty family—father, mother and two children—who had temporarily adopted the profession of ticket-seller at the Trocadero entrance to the Exposition grounds. They bought their tickets each day of speculators at the Bourse, and sold them at the entrance of the grounds far as great an advance as could be shrewdly extorted. The attendance at the Exposition fell so far below expectation, however, that the price of tickets dropped from a franc to thirty-centimes, only six-centimes, and the ticket vendors would have been hard put to it had it not been for the Americans. So the father gathered together his flock to give them instructions out of his superior wisdom. "To the French, my loves," he said impressively, "charge only thirty-centimes if they come on foot or on the omnibus, but charge thirty-five centimes if they roll up in carriages. Forty centimes you must charge to the Germans and to the Italians, but from the Englishmen demand fifty centimes always."

"And the Americans, papa?" queried the littlest lad.

"Begin with at least a franc, my love! Try them with a franc," replied the old man. And the worthy son of a worthy father ran off to profit by his lesson.—New York Lippincott.

Carrie Yes, Charley is a nice enough fellow, but he's no stupid, you know.

Berth—Why, I never heard that charge made before.

Carrie—Can't help it. He asked me the other evening, "Do you mind if I throw you a kiss, Carrie?" And I said, "No, I didn't mind; but I hate laziness." And he didn't take the hint to bring me one.—Boston Transcript.

"She—Isn't it lovely? Papa came."

Me—Does he, really?

She—Yes. He wanted to know who you were, and I told him you were tapestry at Serin & Co.'s and he seemed real pleased.

He—I am delighted.

She—Yes, and he said we could be married just as soon as you were taken into the firm.—New York Weekly.

Tom—Do you believe in the doctrine of heredity?

Jerry—Of course I do. Did you notice what a beautiful black eye Charley had yesterday? He got that from his father.

Tom—But his father hasn't a black eye.

Jerry—Can't help that. It was from the old man that Charley got it. He told me so himself.—Boston Transcript.

"So you quarrelled with George?" said one young woman.

"Yes," answered the other, with much pathos.

"Is your engagement broken off?"

"Oh, no. I told him I never wanted to see his face again, and he said that he would leave me forever. But we didn't go so far as to break off our engagement."—Tit-Bits.

A Sunday school teacher in Maine, who had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of Heaven, finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively little four-year-old held up his hand. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher. "Dead ones!" the little fellow shouted.

Poe—"I've called to see about the poem I left here last week."

Editor—"What was it?"

Poe—"It was a realistic piece entitled 'The Gallant Fireman.'"

Editor—"I'm afraid it was too realistic. It probably went to the fire."—Philadelphia Press.

Majorie—The new restor's wife is so worldly, I don't think she can be of much assistance to him.

Madge—Why, my dear, she couldn't do more. Only for her they could never have planned the trip abroad next summer. She brought about ten less than six Easter weddings in his congregation.—Leslie's Weekly.

Mr. Hilton—Have you opened that bottle of champagne, Bridget?

Bridget—Faith, I started to open it, but it began to open itself. Shure, the moon that filled that bottle must 'ax put in two quarts instead of one.—Philadelphia Record.

"Say, boy," inquired the angel from the city, "do you think I'm like to catch any thing here?"

"I reckon you are," replied the rustic youth, who had been watching the operation. "I jest see Farmer Wanger comin' over the hill."—Philadelphia Press.

In the pupa state the Hessian fly can scarcely be distinguished from a fly.

Moocartie Distinct.

Melt half a pound of fresh lard, one-quarter of a pound each of bees-wax and rosin and two ounces of powdered borax, stirring well until they are thoroughly mixed. Pour into a tin box, and you have one of the best ointments that can be made.

—Housekeeper.

A VALUABLE SECRET.

One Family Has Purchased Government Stamp Cancellers for Sixty-Five Years.

Since 1835 all the machines by which postage stamps are canceled and envelopes marked with the name of the post office, the date, etc., have been made by one family. In the year named the postmaster general entered into a contract with Benjamin Chambers, a citizen of Washington, to furnish a device by which postage stamps might be canceled so that they could not be used again, and, although there have been a multitude of competitors on several occasions, that contract has been renewed year after year for 65 years with Mr. Chambers, his son, and his grandson, who have a secret process by which the dies are made of malleable iron and carbonized steel at a cost of from 20 cents to \$2.75 each. It is certainly the only government contract, and probably the only contract in the United States, that has been renewed so often and continued so long. The department buys about \$25,000 worth of new cancellers every year. Bids are advertised for annually, and every now and then some ambitious manufacturer who thinks he has a good thing offers a proposal, but the Chambers family are invincible. They have improved the device until it is now almost perfect, says the New York Tribune.

The stamper is a circular cast-steel box (with a screw thread), one end of which is closed, and is provided on the outside with a square shank to secure it to the hardwood handle. The cover of the box is a disk of steel. A portion of its thickness enters the box by means of a screw thread around its periphery of almost 20 threads to the inch. This permits of a space between the inner face of the die and the bottom of the box, while the remaining thickness of the disk forms a flange with the edge, which is coarse milled, so that the disk may be turned with the hand or a wrench. On the outer face of the disk are characters of the body of the cylindrical die. These combine the marking and the canceling devices, one being on one side of the disk, including the name of the post office in a circle. There are three slots for removable type, for months, dates, hour and half-hour. Diametrically opposite the circle is the canceling device, the side of which is parallel with the edge of the disk. Any required number or letter is cut in relief in the center, while three grooves are cut in the flange. The removable types are of steel, and have on the ends opposite their faces projections from their outer edges, so that when inserted in the slots the projections can be clamped and held in place.

Until 1850 Capt. Chambers manufactured the cancellers in Washington, and he is still required to maintain a repair shop in the neighborhood of the post office department, but he moved his factory to Northumberland county, Va., on a log of land at the mouth of the Potomac, where he has a little village composed exclusively of his employees and their families. No one can enter his grounds without permission, and those who have been there say it is quite an ideal little village, safe from the spies of competitors who would like to get the contract away from him.

EDWARD VII. AND HIS AUTO.

Great Britain's New Monarch is Having a Gorgeous Vehicle Made.

The automobile exposition recently held at Paris seems to have awakened a general interest throughout Europe in these vehicles. Several hundred manufacturers in every part of the world were represented, and the vehicles displayed were the finest specimens of workmanship ever placed on exhibition, says a London paper.

There is soon to be a meeting between representatives of the Automobile club, of London, and a large committee made up of representatives of the various county councils and chief constables from all over England to make an effort to do away with some of the restrictions now in force and constantly being added to. The Automobile club, of London, has now a membership of over 500 and nearly half the members own a motor vehicle of one sort or another. The horse, however, is so worshipped in England that its supporters still possess a very great amount of influence, which will be directed against the spread of the new power.

A Paris firm of manufacturers has now under contract a superb automobile for the use of King Edward VII. of Great Britain. It is being built regardless of expense, and will undoubtedly be the finest vehicle of its kind ever constructed. The king, it is said, is an enthusiastic automobile man in England in the management of the horseless carriage. His adoption of this means of locomotion is expected to lend a great impetus to the trade throughout the world.

All the newest designs in costumes intended for ordinary wear during the earlier part of the day are simple in character, and can be easily made at home by anyone who has the time to spare, and without very much expense, for, on account of the lateness of the season, dress materials can be purchased just now for considerably less than their original value. Loose-fitting blouses and coats are still very popular, and so long as that particular style continues fashionable it will not be difficult for ladies to make up their own dresses, and this means a great saving of money.—Washington Star.

Moocartie Distinct.

Melt half a pound of fresh lard, one-quarter of a pound each of bees-wax and rosin and two ounces of powdered borax, stirring well until they are thoroughly mixed. Pour into a tin box, and you have one of the best ointments that can be made.

—Housekeeper.

Love Across the Lines.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

"That is all," he said. One line upon a sheet of official paper and the touch of a handbell, and Frances found herself under the guidance of a messenger on her way to the war department. At the door of the department she met Raymond Holbin in a new and glittering uniform. He was coming out, but seeing her, stopped in surprise.

"You here!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?" She gave him but a glance, a sarcastic smile playing about her lips.

"It is no place for women; you should be at home."

"It is no place for men; you shouldn't be at home, Capt. Holbin."

An angry reply arose to his lips, but he checked it.

"You know why I am not," he said; "I have been unfairly treated; but say the word, and I will go even as a private soldier—if you will promise."

"It is immaterial to me whether you go or stay," she said, and passed on. Holbin waited a moment and followed her, keeping out of her sight.

"What was it the young woman wanted?" he asked of a clerk acquaintance, with careless indifference, when she was gone.

"An order for the parole of a prisoner and a pass through the lines."

As Raymond walked away in deep thought, a messenger pointed him out to a hotel porter, and the latter handed him a sealed envelope. Within this was a card bearing the name "Laurie."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOAP TO LAUNCH A SHIP.

Infinite Amount of Trouble It Takes to Get a War Vessel Into the Water.

The launching of a little torpedo boat is comparatively easy, and the cost is not over a few hundred dollars, including flowers and souvenirs and even the bottle of champagne used in the christening. But when it comes to a big armored cruiser or a first-class battleship the actual expense seldom falls below \$4,000 or \$5,000. The building of the ways for the ship to slide down over is the main item, and then comes the greasing. Every inch of timber over which the vessel slides must be covered with a lubricant. Different firms use different substances, but soap and tallow form the main ingredients of them all. Cramps use a layer of beef tallow and a layer of soft soap and, taken altogether, from a half-ton to a ton is required to put a move on the average battleship. The tallow is spread on first, to the depth of about three fingers, and the workmen use big, flat trowels to make the surface as smooth as possible. Then they pour over the soft soap, which is just thick enough to run, or about the consistency of tar.

As a general thing, this double coating answers the purpose admirably, and the ship glides into the water as if it was sailing on air, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. If it sticks as has happened in a few cases, it is likely to spring some of the plates, and accidents of that kind are so costly that nothing is spared to avert them. Moreover, sailors are very superstitious about launchings, and, if anything goes wrong, the ship is regarded as unlucky, something greatly dreaded by all officers. Several years ago a Chicago packing house got up a special preparation for greasing ship's ways and sent a quantity of it to a firm in Maine to demonstrate its merits. It was made from the refuse of the rendering house and had an odor that seemed strong enough to lift a man of war clear off its bearings. The firm tried it on a small merchant ship which it had ready to launch, but instead of showing any of the qualities of a lubricant it acted more like a glue. The vessel stuck fast on the ways and had to be pulled off with jacks. That was the last ever heard of the preparation, and the Chicago folks dropped the scheme. What is left of the soap and tallow after a launching is carefully scraped off and sold. It is used for making axle grease.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

In the future there are to be no women notaries public in Arkansas. France changed its constitution four times during Queen Victoria's reign.

The queen was six years old when the first railway train started to carry passengers.

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, May 11, 1901.

This is going to be a great yachting season for Newport.

The Mayor of a Massachusetts town has just delivered an inaugural address twelve columns in length. And the salary is only \$90 a year.

It is apparently settled that Mr. Bryan will not accept a third nomination unless some method presents itself by which he can get it.

A New York paper counts up 3823 millionaires in the United States. The speculators who have recently been millionaires in their minds are not included.

The celebrated Eastman murder trial in Cambridge will probably come to an end today. Judging from the newspaper reports the State has not made out a very strong case.

Last month the United States sold abroad \$40,000,000 more than it purchased in foreign countries, which is a neat little balance in our favor, averaging \$1,577,000 for every day in April.

Not many years ago it was claimed that the gold standard would make the United States the slave of England. The recent loans of American money to England are a striking refutation of that Populist notion.

Harvard College has at last decided to do itself honor by conferring on President McKinley the degree of D. D. There were only two or three cracks on the board that voted against the measure.

Newport's credit is still good. Her three and one half per cent. Industrial school bonds sold this week to the Savings Bank of Newport, for \$107.75. There were also nine Boston bidders for these \$15,000 bonds. Evidently they like Newport's I. O. U's.

The city fathers ought to change the name of the park containing the Soldiers and Sailors monument from Equality Park to Monument Park. The triangular piece of land on the other side of the street should retain the name of Equality Park.

The formal dedication of the Pan-American Exposition takes place May 20. Gov. Gregory, Lieut. Gov. Kimball, their wives, the members of the Governor's staff and the Rhode Island Commissioners will be there. The State will be more largely represented in September when Rhode Island day occurs.

The number of yards of new sidewalks laid in 1899 and 1900 in each ward in this city is as follows: Ward 1, 10,702 yards; ward 2, 10,400; ward 3, 11,574; ward 4, 10,967; ward 5, 10,518. One curious fact about this is, the second ward, which has more travelled sidewalks than any other ward in the city, had the least number of yards of new sidewalks. Evidently the delegation in the council from this ward did not look out for its interests so sharply as did the other ward delegations.

The attempt to make the city square der more money on the so-called Esplanade seems to be uncalled for at the present time. The city has spent over fifty thousand dollars. In this locality which has been practically thrown away and there would seem to be no occasion to throw any more in that direction. If this fifty thousand dollars had been taken to widen Long wharf, or had been put into new sidewalks even, it would have done some good. As it is the city has nothing to show for its money. It will take no one knows how much to complete the job, and when done it will benefit only a very small portion of the city, and that portion will be but very little benefited.

With election day moved from midnight, Newport should adopt September 10, the anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, as her general holiday, and have an elaborate observance of the occasion each year. The day is particularly one for Newport to celebrate as the greatest victory on the lakes was won by Newport men and Newport brains conceived and executed the brilliant manœuvre that carried joy to every American heart. The immortal message of Commodore Perry, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," will be read with pride by all loyal Americans as long as America shall last. Let us remember the Newport heroes of that date by making the anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie our own peculiar holiday and celebrate it with enthusiasm every year.

After a careful consideration of the situation in the Philippines as it exists today the administration has decided to reduce the army in the Philippines to 40,000 men. The opinion prevails that this number will be ample for the present needs of the service in the islands, and if conditions continue to improve in the satisfactory manner that has been shown in the past few months the force may be reduced still further. The expectation of the War Department was that all volunteers now in the Philippines will have left the islands by the end of June, leaving only the regulars on duty there. Following the departure of volunteers will come the regulars who were sent to Manila in 1898 just after the outbreak of hostilities, and their movement home will continue until the force is reduced to approximately 40,000 men.

An Era of Great Things.

The leaders in every department of business, says an exchange, have become impressed with the magnitude of the forces which underlie the present situation. It is a day of great things and the dawn of a period in which changes may be of the most impressive and far-reaching character.

Mr. Morgan, who stands as near the center of business as any one man, says: "The United States can solve every commercial problem if given time, and it can supply all the markets of the world." Mr. Carnegie utters the same thought in saying: "Hitherto the business of the world has been carried on by little divisions, America is now coming to the front and will have a predominant voice in the industries of the world. Nothing can arrest the progress of the American Republic."

What does this mean? Primarily, that the United States is free from a large part of the burdens which bear so heavily upon European nations as a result of huge standing armies and the taxation necessary to carry on their systems of government. Nations which have an aristocracy support an upper class in idleness and also a lower class which lacks the ability to support itself, leaving only the middle class as the creators of national wealth.

Furthermore, customs have welded peoples of Europe to methods whereby labor is comparatively cheap but production is small and inventive skill is not greatly encouraged. Some of these countries lack food-producing areas; others lack coal and iron, and in others still the supply of these essentials to modern progress is being reduced at a rate which threatens soon to have a serious effect upon the cost of production.

The United States has inexhaustible resources of iron and coal, an immense food-producing area, and a singularly ingenious, resourceful and aggressive people. It has been a new country with a vast amount of preliminary work. It has had the enormous physical labor involved in settling the country in establishing means of communication, discovering its natural resources, and finding the best means of employing them. Legislation has produced its own set of difficulties while unwisdom in financial matters has delayed progress and impaired confidence. Enormous debts incurred for the development of the country have had to be paid.

At last, however, the time has come when the United States may be fairly regarded as a world power not only in the domain of international politics, but in its population, wealth, skill and throughout the great departments of trade and commerce. It has been said that the country which can make the cheapest steel must command the markets of the world.

The great captains of industry see that the time has come when plans must be made not for domestic trade alone but for world trade. The great combinations between railroads and between industries have as one of their purposes power of concentrating management, cheapening cost, and providing transportation whereby the natural advantages of the United States can be utilized to the fullest extent. It is of no use that the mountains of West Virginia are full of coal or that the Carnegie works can make steel cheaper than it can be made elsewhere, if provision is not also made for transporting coal and iron to the points where finished goods are required by the consumer.

The great leaders who say openly that this country is entering upon a period of unprecedented prosperity rest their opinion on a belief that this country will for a time at least have such an advantage in the markets of the world as will make good times for practically every well-managed business in the United States.

Juxado Club's Masquerade.

A merry party was at the Southwick's Hall Thursday evening to participate in the enjoyments of a masquerade. It was a private affair, only members of the club and persons who had acted as subs during the winter attending. At 9.15 the grand march was formed, led by Mr. George Horrocks and Miss Ethel Scott. About thirty couples were in the march. Some of the costumes were as follows:

Harry Lawton, a farmer boy; E. Bliss, court costume; C. Dickson, golf; G. Ellis, Indian; E. Ellis, Knight of Pythias; H. Milne, sailor; Miss B. Mumford, night; Miss B. Myer, fortune teller; Miss Anna Fraschi, fancy costume; Mrs. J. H. Barney, Jr., Roman costume; J. H. Barney, Jr., riding suit; Miss Lottie Macdonald, Janice Meredith; Miss Ethel Bliss, Aunt Dinah; Miss Mabel Myer, night; Miss Edith Myer, quakeress; Misses Mabel and Lou Barney and Mr. George Congdon as three Kate Greenaways; Mr. Wheeler, Capt. Cadets; W. Brown, colonial officer; Mrs. W. B. Scott, school girl; Mrs. Samuel Briggs, sunset; Mrs. F. G. Scott, topsy; Mrs. William McKenzie, tambourine girl; Mrs. E. S. Burdick, school girl; Mrs. Charles Wood, Carrie Nation and a Western girl; Miss M. C. Goldard, German girl; Arthur Bryer, farmer; Miss Battle Chase, German peasant; Miss Ruth Chase, Indian; Mrs. Harry West, Red Riding Hood; H. West, clown; Mr. Miller, summer sport; Miss Helen Reed, old lady; Ollie Merritt, tramp; John Shaw, minstrel; Mr. Glynn, sailor; G. Sherburne, baker; W. B. Scott, hunter; Harry W. Tennant, a minstrel; Fannie Gladding, Spanish girl; R. Williams, domino; Mrs. A.

Burdick, school girl; Mr. F. U. Scott, domino; G. Horrocks, school boy; Miss Ethel Scott, Spanish lady.

Dancing was continued until 2.30 o'clock Friday morning, and a most enjoyable time was enjoyed by all present.

The President in his tour through the South and West to the far off Pacific coast is receiving an ovation such as no other man ever received. It shows the popularity of our chief magistrate, and his speeches by the way show that he is a man worthy of that popularity.

One feature in the Cuban situation is decidedly favorable. The farmers are at work and few idlers are reported in any part of the island.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

W. K. Thorn has rented his villa on the southern side of Narragansett avenue, known as "Stoneleigh," to Mrs. Theodore C. Havenmeyer, of New York, for the season.

Mrs. Henry Yardley has rented her cottage on Rhode Island Avenue to Mrs. Perry Tibbitts for the season.

Wm. H. Stratford estate has sold the property on the northern side of Rhode Island Avenue comprising dwelling, stable and 11,000 feet of land to Morris M. Chirley.

The Misses Gilbert have rented their cottage on the western side of Bellevue Avenue, known as "Le Chalet," to W. D. Hatch of New York, for the season.

Sheldon Hazard has rented the store, No. 187 Thames street, for so many years occupied by Messrs. Perry Bros., as a coal office, for Gordon Anderson to Edward S. Peckham, clerk with Abraham Almy, who will, it is understood, use it as a coal office, as he is about to embark in that business.

Sheldon Hazard has rented to Harry Warrington the lower half of house, 27 Division street, for Thomas P. Peckham.

Sheldon Hazard has sold to John B. P. Demman for Miss Gertrude A. Peabody her two tenement property, at No. 13 Addison street. The lot is 24 feet front by 65 feet deep.

A. O'D. Taylor's sales and rentals for the past week have been thus:

Store No. 5 Abraham's Block, Bellevue Avenue, for Mr. Denniston and others, to M. Duvet, importer of New York, rented.

Captain J. J. Lee's furnished cottage on Bryer Place in Jamestown, to Mrs. George Minot, of Boston, rented for the summer.

Mrs. Hannah C. Groff's furnished cottage, 35 Ball street, rented for the summer, to Mrs. Annie E. Henwick, of New Bedford.

For Charles H. Kothman, Jr., guardian of Sarah Ida Davis, minor, one thirtieth of the "Charles Davis" Estate at 123 Church street, sold to William J. Walsh.

Mrs. Emily Curry's lower tenement at 15 Rhode Island avenue, rented to John D. Dickson.

P. H. Case has rented his cottage on the corner of Kay and Everett Streets to George E. Case of Providence for the season.

SALARY OF 2,350,000

Amount Allowed by Commons For Support of King's Household.

London, May 10.—The king, said the chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, yesterday, in discussing the civil list in the house of commons, had no personal fortune, and was dependent on the revenues of the duchy of Lancaster and parliamentary grants.

The king was anxious for a further investigation into the system of management of the royal household, in order to correct any abuses and wastes. The sum of \$350,000, which, out of the total of \$2,350,000 which it was proposed to grant, was the king's private purse, out of which came the sums expended as a result of innumerable requests for gratuities throughout the empire, and even from foreign countries.

The Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, supported the government's proposals.

Mr. Labouchere (Liberal) tried to have the allowance cut down from \$2,350,000 to \$2,085,000, the amount granted to Queen Victoria and the prince consort. This motion was defeated by a vote of 88 to 261.

The civil list was agreed to by a vote of 307 to 58.

A Mysterious Disappearance

Boston, May 6.—The disappearance of J. P. Bicknell of Bowdoinham, Me., on March 15, is singular enough to receive the attention at this time of the police. With something like \$1000 in his pocket, Bicknell dropped out of sight. Two days later a postal card, dated Boston, was received by Bicknell's brother, George H. Bicknell of this city. The postal said: "I will go to Portland tonight. Will be back tomorrow." Bicknell got his money by legacy from an uncle who died in New Orleans recently.

A Police Shakeup

Salem, Mass., May 9.—At a meeting of the board of aldermen last night, Mayor Hurley made several police nominations. One officer and 13 patrolmen were recommended; two officers and 13 patrolmen will hold their places until their successors are named, and one officer and eight men were dropped from the roll. P. P. Packard was named for city marshal, in place of John W. Hart, who has held the office for 24 years.

Youthful Sportsmen Afloat

Portland, Me., May 10.—On the arrival of an evening train from Boston, two boys were taken into custody on request of their parents. The boys are Edward Dwyer, aged 12, and Paul Sturgeon, aged 8, both of Cambridge, Mass. They were bent on denuding the forests and streams of Maine of the big game and the mammoth fish which they had read about. The little fellows had \$20 between them.

Brother Furnished Bond

Wichita, Kan., May 10.—Through the persuasion of her brother, J. W. Moore, Mrs. Carrie Nation consented to leave the county jail last night. Judge Dale reduced her bond to \$100, and her brother put up cash to that amount.

A Sensible Conclusion

London, May 10.—Jack Roberts, the pugilist, who fatally injured Billy Smith of Philadelphia in a contest at the National Sporting club, has announced his retirement from the ring.

Washington Matters.

The Go-ernment in the President's Absence—Post Office Department is after Fraudulent Oil Companies—Opportunities for Young Men in the Philippines—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 6th, 1901.

No better evidence of executive ability can be shown than the smooth working of a great business establishment during the absence of its executive head. The government of the United States is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, business establishments on earth, and although President McKinley, its executive head, and five of his chief assistants are on the other side of the continent, the business of the government in Washington is running as smoothly as a well regulated clock.

The Post Office Department is after some of the alleged oil companies, which are flooding the mails with alluringly worded circular letters, promising money invested in the stock of those alleged companies. To find the evidence to warrant issuing a fraud order against this class of schemes is difficult and slow, but the postal inspectors are old hands at that sort of work and expect to succeed. Meanwhile, those who have money to invest would better be very careful about how they put it into oil schemes conducted by men who are strangers to them.

A scheme that is being advertised in this country is thus exposed in a report to the Department of State, from L. W. Osborne, United States Consul General at Apia, Samoa: "I have, from time to time, made investigations, and if there are any minerals other than gold, silver, mica, nickel, zinc, tin or any other in these islands, I have been unable to find them or to find any person who has any knowledge of the fact. If there is any Gold Mining Company, of Apia, (as reported in United States papers), the records do not disclose the fact, and the officials have no information on the subject. No steamers, schooners, or other vessels are engaged in transporting sand or ores to Sydney or to San Francisco, or else where; no such persons as those named as constituting the 'gold mining company,' are known here, and, in my judgment, a tremendous swindle is being perpetrated, and the public ought to know the facts."

Surgeon J. P. Jones, who has just returned from the Philippines, brought a young Filipino son of the Governor of Rohol; under the Spanish regime, about twenty years old, with him, for the purpose of arranging to have him thoroughly educated in English. Dr. Jones thought some arrangement could be made with the War Department to pay the educational expenses of this young man out of the Philippine revenues, but after considering the matter in all its bearings, it was considered best not to establish such a precedent, and Dr. Jones will privately arrange for the young man's instruction in English. He is a good Spanish scholar.

When a man goes into a thing himself, his advice to others to do so carries additional weight. Mr. A. T. Goehr, recently mustered out of the army, after considerable service as an officer in the Philippines, is now in Washington on his way back to the islands, of which he said: "I became convinced that there are excellent opportunities in the Philippines for young men. It is to all intents and purposes a new country, and will be developed rapidly by the Americans in the next few years. Several San Francisco corporations have been organized to operate in the islands, and I have offers from certain of the corporations, one of which I have accepted. I must be back in the Philippines by July 31. The copper and gold mines in the islands offer excellent opportunities for Americans and American capital. The large reserves of timber likewise present a very attractive field for American enterprise."

The War Department hopes to be able to submit plans for legislation to Congress, at the next session, that will result in closer relations between the states and the general government, and in more clearly defining the status of the National Guard. At present, the status of the National Guard is such that when a young man enlists there, he can have no clear understanding of what his duties or responsibilities toward the National government are, who can order him out in line of war or where he may be ordered. It is by no means an easy problem, but the department hopes, with the cooperation of the officers of the National Guard, to reach a solution that will be satisfactory enough to be approved by Congress. It is desired that the National Guard shall be an auxiliary of the regular army, which can at once be put in the field when there is necessity therefor, without the delays which occurred at the beginning of the war with Spain.

Officials of the Department of State deny that they have been informed by Mr. Montagu White, Boer Agent in the United States, that Mr. Paul Kruger, late President of the Transvaal Republic, would visit this country in October. Although Mr. White was quoted as having said that he was told at the Department that the officials of this government would meet Mr. Kruger cordially as they would any other foreign visitor, but that he would not be received officially.

Weather Bulletin.

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ST. JOSEPH, MO., May 11.—Last bulletin said that weather of week ending 13 would not be good for crops. This week ending 20 will be fair for vegetable growth but too cool in many places.

Disturbance will reach Pacific coast about 11, cross west of Rockies by close of 12, great central valleys 13 to 15, eastern states 16.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 15. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18.

Another disturbance of greater force will reach Pacific coast about 17, cross west of Rockies by close of 18, great central valleys 19 to 21, eastern states 22.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 17, great central valleys 19, eastern states 21. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 20, great central valleys 22, eastern states 24.

This disturbance, 18 to 22, will probably bring great extremes, the warmest and coolest, driest and wettest of the month. Very cool before and after, dry before and wet after the center of the low has passed.

Some persons are disposed to protest because 40,000 Italians are coming to America during this month. Well, it becomes us to say too much on this matter, for who knows where we'd all be today if an Italian hadn't set the first example of coming to America? Boston Herald.

Mr. Edward S. Peckham has purchased the coal business of Brown & Howard and will hereafter carry on the business. He has bought all the carts, teams, stock on hand, good will, etc., and has secured a lease of their wharf. His office will be located on Thames street at the corner of Champlin's wharf, the office formerly occupied by Perry Brothers. Mr. Peckham's experience in the office of Abram Almy has taught him the details of the business and he will probably make a success of it. Messrs. Brown & Howard will retire from the field in that line but will continue to carry on their business at the stone quarry.

Mrs. Herman Ostriehs says whoever says she is going to sell her new home and abandon Newport does not know what he is talking about. She has a large force at work and she is hustling things with great energy to get the house finished for this summer.

"Seup's come" in quantities and Newport is happy once more.

Beware of Quackery for Catarrh that costars Quackery, no mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do to tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. In buying Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MAY 1901.	STANDARD TIME.				
	Sun.	Moon.	High water.	Low water.	Ev.
11 Sat.	10 17	9 1	30 12 58 11	36	
12 Sun.	11 17	10 1	31 13 58 12	36	
13 Mon.	12 17	11 1	32 14 58 13	36	
14 Tues.	1 17	12 1	33 15 58 14	36	
15 Wed.	2 17	1 1	34 16 58 15	36	
16 Thurs.	3 17	2 1	35 17 58 16	36	
17 Fri.	4 17	3 1	36 18 58 17	36	

Full Moon 21, 5h. 5m., morning.
Last Quarter 11th, 10h. 30m., morning.
New Moon 18th, 5h. 5m., evening.
First Quarter 25th, 10h. 30m., morning.

A. O'D. TAYLOR

OFFERS FOR RENT.

141—Two excellent offices, 2d floor on Thames street, in one of the best business parts of the city. Furnished and heated, \$30 a year each.

24—Suite of three communicating rooms, close to Washington square, on Thames street, well adapted for any Club or Society; one room large enough for a lecture or dancing hall. Rent \$40 per month. Office, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. evenings.

Marriages.

In this city, 7th inst., at the residence of Mr. G. Payne, 12 Broadway, by Rev. Henry S. Jeter, Charles H. Hottel and Miss Mary Newton, formerly of Virginia, of this city.

Deaths.

In this city, May 9, at the residence of her mother, 10 Main avenue, Nellie M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Reagan, 11 months old. Elizabeth A. Alex, infant daughter of Richard and Mary A. Coughlin, age 6 months.

In this city, 1st inst., James E., son of the late David and the late Catherine Coggin, aged 29 years.

In this city, 4th inst., Phoebe, widow of John A. Hazard, at the Rhode Island Hospital, 5th inst., Philip Rider Weaver of this city, in his 71st year.

In this city, 5th inst., Willis Hamplshire, son of Theodore B. and Elizabeth R. West, aged 3 years, 6 months.

In this city, 6th inst., Elizabeth Alice, widow of William Henry Pike, in the 80th year of her age.

In Brookwood, Mount St. Vincent, on the Hudson, 5th inst., Margaret Cochrane, widow of Dr. Charles B. Randolph of Philadelphia, in the 61st year of her age.

In Portsmouth, 6th inst., Amelia Sears, wife of Antonio H. Silvini, in her 84th year.

In Duxbury, 7th inst., George Henry Sherman of Portsmouth, in his 73rd year.

In Providence, 8th inst., Mary Jane, widow of George Jones, 77, 7th inst., Frances E., widow of John Trapp, M. D., 78, 8th inst., William R. Peckham, 79, 8th inst.

In Pawtucket, 6th inst., Mary Ann, widow of James King, in her 74th year.

In Pawtucket, 7th inst., William Ashworth, in his 74th year.

In Pawtucket, 7th inst., Mary Hunter, wife of Alexander Brown, in her 74th year.

In Pawtucket, 7th inst., Emily, widow of Ebenezer Fiske, in her 74th year.

In Pawtucket, 7th inst., William Ashworth, in his 74th year.

In Pawtucket, 7th inst., Spith Mowry, in his 83rd year.

In Cranstonville, 8th inst., Emor J. Angell, in his 81st year.

Farm for Sale.

I have the "John R. DeBols farm," on Gypsum Lane, so called, in my hands for sale. This farm is about four miles from Newport, comprising two sets of farm buildings and about 40 acres of land and is a great buy farm. Full particulars of

SIMEON HAZARD.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Sole Agent.

Telephone 320.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Dr. J. C. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE.

FOR DIZZINESS.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR TORPID LIVER.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR SALLOW SKIN.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Caught in a Squall

Yarmouth, May 10.—Off the Needles yesterday the Shamrocks, while engaged in a 60-mile racing trial, were caught in a fierce squall. Shamrock II lost her gaff and gaff-topmast yard. The sails of the yacht were wrecked, and she returned to Southampton for repairs.

BADLY SQUEEZED

Northern Pacific Corner Caught Shorts Napping

General Slump Came Later In All the Leading Stocks

New York, May 10.—The threatening condition of affairs which developed in the stock market Wednesday culminated yesterday in one of the severest short collapses that have ever been known in Wall street. The corner in Northern Pacific was the impelling cause of the crisis, owing to the threat contained in the ruinous terms forced upon the shorts in that stock that disastrous liquidation would be forced at other points.

The casualties were many, but no actual fatalities of importance were recorded during the day. During the height of the panic there were rumors of many insolvencies, but no confirmation could be had. The indications at the close of the day were strong that the principal damage had been wrought upon the speculative class or upon holders of securities on margin.

In the late dealings, the principal banks in the financial district agreed to pool and raise a fund, bringing the loan rate down to 6 percent on the stock exchange. The bid for money had then been run up to 10 percent. The dozen banks quickly came to an agreement to raise \$10,000,000, with implied willingness to increase the sum if necessary. There were very heavy loans placed also by individual banks, ranging in some cases to \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000. Through the early part of the day bankers exacted the market rate for loans. But with the growing need to suppress the panic they offered the rate down to 6 percent.

In the brokers' offices sat many men who were reduced to absolute ruin as a result of the unparalleled rise of prices. The glittering attraction of the recent market has brought out a constantly increasing assortment of inexperienced speculators—men and women who have brought their hoarded savings in the hope of making one successful stroke and then retire. The demonstration from this class, which includes many women speculators, furnished the hysterical scenes and sensations of the day.

There was a strong feeling in the morning, before proceedings had commenced on the stock exchange, that a panic could be averted only with the greatest difficulties. The fact was apparent that the corner in Northern Pacific was still unbroken. The price paid for the stock ran up quickly to \$200 per share, and then to \$300, to \$500, and even to \$700 per share on regular transaction, and \$1000 per share for cash. The cash price paid meant that unfortunate shorts, who were unable to borrow the stock Wednesday night for delivery yesterday, had to pay whatever cash price the engineers of the corner chose to ask for it.

The concerted effort to support the market by buying all stocks which might be

AFFAIRS IN CHINA

Discussed by Missionary Ament
at New HavenOther News of Interest From Various
Parts of New England States.

New Haven, May 10.—Rev. William S. Ament of Pekin last night addressed the congregation of Dwight Place church. He said in part: "I believe that the reported atrocities by the allies are exaggerated. Chinese women are apt to commit suicide on trivial pretenses. A family quarrel may make a woman hang herself, or difficulty with her mother-in-law may make her jump into a well."

"You have heard many explanations for the outbreak in China. I think that it was begun by an old Buddhist priest who practiced mesmerism. He organized societies. Incantations were practiced. Charms were worn and all sorts of preventative against death and harm. The Christians were attacked because they offered the least resistance."

"As to the indemnity. When we missionaries were ordered to vacate the British legation we went with 2000 native Christians to the premises of a Chinese prince. We forced no doors; we violated no rights. The prince had fled. We had sold the movable property after consultation with the foreign ministers. When it came to the question of collecting indemnities, Li Hung Chang sent a representative to confer with us. We agreed that the villages were to be assessed indemnity for the outrages to provide for the homeless and the destitute widows and children. Li Hung Chang's representative suggested that an amount equal to one-third of the whole sum should be added and distributed generally to such persons. That is the explanation of the one-third extra referred to in regard to the indemnity."

A Midnight Collision

Somerville, Mass., May 10.—A theatre train from Boston for Waltham ran into the rear end of a freight train at a crossing here shortly after midnight. Three persons were considerably injured. The freight was shifting cars at the North Packing and Provision company's plant, and the train had nearly passed the crossing switch, when the passenger train, coming up, struck the rear cars, throwing them and its own engine from the rails. Both engines and freight cars were badly damaged.

Rather Late In Bringing Suit

Nashua, N. H., May 10.—Mrs. Lizzie J. Poff of this city has brought a suit for \$30,000 against the New England Telephone and Telegraph company. Her husband, who was a member of the Nashua fire department, died several years ago as the result of injuries received in a collision of a piece of fire apparatus on which he was riding with a pole of the telephone company. Mrs. Poff has not brought any suit against the company until the present time.

Republicans Fail to Agree

Boston, May 10.—The meeting of the Republican city committee last night, called for the purpose of electing a president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Jesse M. Gove, was a fiasco. The plan to choose John W. Johnson to head the committee fell through, and so it was agreed that a committee of 25 should be selected as a nominating committee to find a candidate and to report to an adjourned meeting.

Not Worth a Million

Boston, May 10.—The contest over the will of the late Frances Miller of Winghamton will be settled out of court, it is said, on account of the discovery that instead of leaving property valued at \$1,000,000, she left property worth only \$10,000. Three wills were before the court, which allowed the last document. This was in favor of Peter Surrette, the husband of the deceased.

Watch Combination Abandoned

Boston, May 10.—The officers of the American Watchman Watch company have informed the promoters of the proposed watch trust that that company will not become a party to any consolidation of watch companies. The other companies have also declined to join in any trust movement. In consequence, the \$75,000,000 combination has been abandoned.

Boxing Exhibits Illegal

Fall River, Mass., May 10.—James Cribbens was fined \$100 by Justice McDonough yesterday in connection with the Fall River Athletic association boxing case. It was the second time that he has been arraigned on the charge of connection with a boxing meet. James Pletan was fined \$50 for aiding in promoting an exhibition.

Diocese to Be Divided

Boston, May 10.—The annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal church of Massachusetts decided last night after a prolonged debate to divide the diocese, and then entrusted the details of division to a committee which will report to a special meeting of the convention in June.

Little Fellow Killed by Train

Pawtucket, R. I., May 10.—Howard Nalke, 7 years old, was standing at one side of the railroad track last night just as an express was about to pass, when his brother called to him to run across. He attempted to do so and was hit by the engine. He died three hours later.

Two Checks Still Missing

Arlington, Mass., May 10.—The town cash book is still missing, and the financial situation has not cleared up much. One of the selectmen says that all of the checks of the town have been returned but two. The amount for which they were drawn is not known.

Ruined by Liquor

Worcester, Mass., May 9.—John N. Freed, aged 47, took his own life by hanging in his tenement yesterday. The body was discovered by his sons when they returned from work at night. Freed had lost his work four years ago on account of drink. For some time his wife has been at the city almshouse, and he has been supported by his sons.

BAPTISM CEREMONY

Launching of Defender Constitu-
tion at BristolThought to Possess All Columbia's
Virtues and None of Her Faults

Bristol, R. I., May 7.—The yacht Constitution was christened last evening by Mrs. W. B. Duncan, who broke a bottle of wine on her glistening bow just as she started slowly down the ways into the sea. The hull of the racer was gaily decorated with flags and her deck well filled with sailors.

A platform had been rigged under the bow of the boat, and on this Mrs. Duncan stood when the going for the start was sounded. Beside her on the platform was her husband, the manager of the new boat, but all the rest of the party stood a little distance off.

At the sound of the gong, Mrs. Duncan, with a banner in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other, dashed the bottle on the bow and as the wine pushed in the foam on the prow of the racer, the yacht acquired motion and slowly began her descent into the water. With the breaking of the bottle Mrs. Duncan said: "I christen thee Constitution."

The scene was a brilliant one as the Constitution was slowly lowered into the water, the cheering from the boats outside being vigorous, while the searchlight from the steam yacht Columbia just outside the dock illuminated the stern of the Constitution. Fireworks added not a little to the gaiety of the occasion. The Hercules contingent was present in large numbers, but the crowd from New York was a small one, August Belmont and 17 others being present.

As the stern of the craft emerged from the shop the private signals of the members of the syndicate were displayed on small flagstaffs upon her deck. The signals were those of Messrs. Belmont, Stillman, Payne, Bourne and Walters. In addition there was the flag of Mr. Duncan.

As the vessel reached the water the dash of the searchlight grew more intense and greater became the display of rockets and roman candles. Twelve minutes after the yacht started the candle was floated from under the bilge and the Constitution was fairly afloat.

The New York party repaired almost immediately to the tender Mount Morris where more bottles of wine were cracked and general merriment ensued.

In half an hour the ceremony was over. The clear night was admirable for the pyrotechnical display. The spectators generally came to the conclusion that the new cup defender is actually a much improved Columbia, with all her sterling virtues and none of her trifling faults. The yacht was hauled out of her mooring. She will be taken alongside the dock today and her masts will be stepped.

There was no hitch, everything worked without a fault. The Hercules contingent, seeing that only a small crowd was present, practically opened the shop to all comers. It was possible to see much of the yacht's shape as she rested on the ways illuminated by the brilliant electric lights. Once clear of the shed she was lost in the blackness of the night.

Steeple Climber's Narrow Escape

Marlboro, Mass., May 8.—J. E. Towne, a steeple climber, was working on the steeple of the Immaculate Conception Catholic church here yesterday, and was climbing by aid of a rope to a winch about 100 feet from the ground, when his hand slipped on the rope. He slipped down rapidly to the roof, 25 feet below, then slid along that 30 feet more, till he struck a snowguard. He clung there for 15 minutes, and was finally rescued by a hook and ladder company. The carcase of one rib was broken, but he was otherwise uninjured.

Stone Workers Won't Strike

Gloucester, Mass., May 8.—The 900 members of the Stoneworkers' union will not go out on strike today. This decision was reached at a meeting last night, and was the result of conferences held yesterday with the granite companies' officials, slight concessions having been made by the latter. The men, while not perfectly satisfied with the outcome, believe that the manufacturers cannot pay more at present.

His Legs Suffered Out

Worcester, Mass., May 7.—Robert H. Hartford, 29 years old, an employee of the Shredded Wheat company, had both legs severed while at work yesterday afternoon, and died from the shock and loss of blood. A moving train struck a heavy plank between the factory and a car which was being unloaded, forming a huge scissors which crushed off the legs as if in a vice.

Verdict in Famous "Boo" Case

New Haven, May 8.—A decision awarding the plaintiff \$1000 was rendered in the superior court yesterday in the case in which Miss Ethel Bartholomew and her father sued Charles J. Parmelee for \$10,000 for alleged injury to her nervous system by chasing her after dark and crying "boo". The defendant will appeal.

Burned to Death

Boston, May 9.—Mrs. Eva Heluser of Roslindale was stooping to throw some rags upon a bonfire in her yard when her clothing caught fire. She ran across the street into the house of Mrs. Rank, where neighbors wrapped a blanket around her, smothering the flames. Mrs. Heluser died last night.

Veteran Crossing Tender Dead

Salem, Mass., May 8.—Charles D. Cross died suddenly yesterday. He had been the crossing tender at Grove street crossing for 51 years. He was born in Salem in 1817. During his long service, not a single accident had happened at the crossing that was due to the negligence of Mr. Cross.

Fall on Top of Two Men

Manchester, N. H., May 6.—Philip Trotter, aged 27, fell from the third-story window of the Webster block last evening, and sustained injuries which may prove fatal. In his fall he struck Policeman Voge and Cornelius Jones, injuring the former slightly and the latter severely. Jones and Trotter were taken to a hospital.

THE JACKSONVILLE FIRE

Professional Men Forced to Seek Manual Labor—Relief Is Pouring In Jacksonville, Fla., May 9.—The full meaning of the widespread suffering in Jacksonville was realized yesterday when it was announced in one of the meetings that a great number of men who had never been used to manual labor were clamoring for work. Among them were professional men. Three young physicians said they had lost everything in the fire. The department of labor has undertaken to give clerical employment to all such applicants.

The situation in the city shows that all of the departments have been arranged systematically, and the people are being cared for as well as conditions will permit. The city is still under martial law.

Over \$500,000 worth of insurance already has been paid by the adjusters, and the people are commencing the erection of temporary places of business and dwellings.

Relief is coming in generously on every hand and the subscription list to date amounts to about \$85,000, with promises of aid from many places which has not yet arrived. Commissioners have been established all over the city.

Crematorium Meets Death

Springfield, Mass., May 7.—Charles N. Wrightington, 31 years old, superintendent of the Ludlow Manufacturing company's No. 8 mill at Ludlow, and Foster W. Taft, 28, chief electrical engineer for the company, were drowned in the Gloucester river last evening, while attempting to shoot the rapids at Indian Leap rock. Their canoe capsized and they were carried away by the undertow. Wrightington was the son of a Boston merchant. He was a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of technology. Taft was a native of Providence, and a graduate of Brown university.

Murdered Her Child

New Bedford, Mass., May 7.—Martha Roseman, a German mill operative aged 33, married, but living apart from her husband, was arrested last night for the self-confessed murder of her infant illegitimate child. The child was killed at birth, although she confesses that the child was born alive. Afterwards she concealed the body under the sink in her tenement for a week, and later she buried it in a hole which she dug under the concrete floor of her cellar. The details of the woman's crime as related to the police are horrible in the extreme.

Shunway Succumbs to Wounds

Northampton, Mass., May 8.—Albert E. Shunway, aged 31, superintendent of the Hadley town farm, mysteriously disappeared last Thursday night, and when overtaken in a field by a party that had been searching for him, he shot himself twice in the breast. He died yesterday from blood poisoning. He had become mentally unbalanced. He imagined that he had shot his wife, and when he was overtaken by the searching party he probably supposed that he was wanted for the imaginary murder.

Wouldn't Give Information

Arlington, Mass., May 8.—The selectmen were in session last night, but they would give out no information and stated that there were no new developments in regard to the financial affairs of the town. It is understood that the selectmen will call a special town meeting to consider the difficulties that have arisen from the disappearance of a large amount of the town's money and the supposed destruction of the town books.

Storli's End Is Near

Boston, May 9.—Luigi Storli, who within a few days will be put to death in the electric chair at the state prison in Charlestown, yesterday received visit from Rev. Fr. Chialdus, who remained with Storli for over an hour. The priest told the condemned man frankly that he must die within a few days. Storli appears to be as well as he has been during the past three weeks.

A \$250,000 Fire at Lowell

Lowell, Mass., May 7.—The plant of the Fidelity Food company was destroyed by fire last night, entailing a loss of \$250,000, exclusive of that on orders which it will be necessary to cancel. The origin of the fire is a mystery. The shop, which was devoted to the manufacture of iron-working machinery, and lathes, was running to its full capacity, 100 men being employed.

Voluntary Issue of Mileage Books

Boston, May 9.—Beginning today the Boston and Maine railroad will issue \$10 mileage books, equivalent to 500 mileage. The legislature has repeatedly been asked to pass a law to compel railroads to issue 500 mileage books, but the order as often failed passage. The Boston and Maine book will be good only within the state.

Dartmouth Wins In Athletics

Providence, May 9.—The track meet between Brown and Dartmouth resulted in the score of 70 1/2 to 53 1/2 points in favor of the latter. The Dartmouth men were evidently better trained, and their work was steadier. The Hanover men were strongest in pole vault, hurdles and short runs, but Brown came in for the weights and long runs.

Suicide of a Boy

Gloucester, Mass., May 9.—Jacob Kaleo, 13 years old, a native of Finland, committed suicide by hanging yesterday, his body being found suspended from a tree at Folly Cove. The boy had been in this country but a short time and could not speak English. It is presumed that despondency was the cause of his act.

Death's Harvest

London, May 7.—The war office yesterday officially gave out the total number of deaths in the South African war at 714 officers and 14,264 men. Four officers and 314 men have been invalided home and subsequently died; 2193 non-commissioned officers and men have left the service unfit for duty.

Missing Man Heard From

Brockton, Mass., May 9.—Theodore D. Blackwell, who has been missing from this city since last Saturday morning, has notified his family that he is in New York and has not carried out his threat of self-destruction. The police of New York were notified on receipt of the letter, to trace and hold the writer. His wife believes that his mind is unbalanced.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

The 6-year-old son of Alfred Paine-Chaud fell into the river and was drowned at Brunswick, Me.

Horace M. Saxe, 45 years old, was instantly killed by a passenger train at East Kingston, N. H., while walking on the track.

Treasurer Amory of the Nashua and Jackson Manufacturing companies stated that the mills of both companies at Nashua, N. H., will shut down from Aug. 3 to Aug. 12. No reason is given for the proposed shut-down.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence society at Boston it was decided that there should be a pledge signing campaign in Massachusetts.

The world's record at candle pins was broken by a few pins by the Boston team rolling against Worcester in the New England championship at Boston. The scores were: Boston, 1425; Worcester, 1221.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the First National bank of Portland, Me., it was voted to reduce the capital from \$1,000,000 to \$200,000.

In a small fire, started probably by the dropping of a kerosene lamp, Mrs. Margaret Bowling, a widow 65 years old, was so badly burned at her home at Boston that she will probably die.

A petition for a lay-out for a new street railway line, running from the heart of Manchester to Little Massabesic, there connecting with the New Manchester and Haverhill Street railway, was presented to the Manchester, N. H., board of aldermen.

George S. Stillman of Yale threw the 16-pound hammer 139 feet to practice. This is better than the intercollegiate record by several feet.

The young daughter of Frank Bailey of Baileyville, Me., fell from a bridge at that place and was drowned.

The New Hampshire board of equalization has organized with Charles McDanel of Springfield as chairman, and William H. Fellows of Tilton as secretary.

Dr. George C. Jarvis, surgeon of the Seventh Connecticut regiment throughout the Civil war, and for many years a consulting physician of the Hartford hospital, died at Hartford of pneumonia. He was 67 years old.

George Ide, a retired manufacturer, died at Lyndonville, Vt., at the age of 80 years, after several years' illness. He had served in both branches of the state legislature, and as sheriff of Caledonia county.

A curfew ordinance was passed by both branches of the Portland, Me., city council. It stipulates that children under 15 years of age must be off the public streets by 9 p. m.

The State Street Trust company of Boston has increased its capital stock from \$200,000 to \$600,000, making its total capitalization \$900,000.

Nicholas Wall, a Boston coal cart driver, fell from his seat and was killed under the wheels.

John H. Shaw, 6 years old, of Wakefield, Mass., accidentally fell into a brook and was drowned.

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NEW DESIGNS.

S. S. THOMPSON.

Selected Tale.

THE GODFATHER.

The heavy express train was enjoying a brief rest. It had slowed down as it neared the bustling little town, and was halting beside the long station platform. A group of young women swarmed around the rear platform of the last coach. They were very gay and very noisy. A young woman in the midst of the party was being lovingly buffeted to and fro.

"All aboard," cried the conductor and the heavy train slowly responded to the signal.

"Good-by, Bobbie," came in a chorus of shrieks from the feminine delegation.

The train gathering headway rapidly pulled by the platform, and the merry adieu and the waving of handkerchiefs were swiftly left behind.

A moment later a young woman entered the car. She was a neatly gaited young woman, of perhaps twenty-five, a young woman of handsome figure, and clear brown eyes, and wavy masses of brown hair. She came up the aisle in her search for a seat, and presently passed beside a man, who, when he felt rather than saw her presence, moved close to the window and made room for her.

"Thank you," she murmured, and looked at him as she took the proffered place.

He was a man above middle height, close to sixty years, pale, and with a close trimmed gray mustache. A careworn man, the girl thought, a man for whom life had been a serious game.

And the man, giving the girl a cautious glance now and then, fancied that she was a young woman of much determination, an independent young woman, a young woman hard to win, but well worth the winning.

"Would you object to changing seats with me?" the man presently asked. "The light and the swiftly passing scenes are a little trying to my eyes."

The girl smilingly took the seat next the window and looked out on the flying landscape. The man raised his newspaper with a yawn. Then he stole another glance at the girl.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but that was a strange pet name that your friends gave you at the station where you got on."

The girl turned and looked at the man with a half-started expression, but something in his face seemed to reassure her.

"Oh, Bobbie," she laughed. "That's a name the girls gave me. It's an attempt at condensing Roberta, you see."

"Your name is Roberta, then?" said the stranger. "It's not a common name, and I think I like it particularly on that account. Perhaps my liking is somewhat influenced by the fact that a man in whom I take a good deal of interest bears the name of Robert."

"I was named for a man named Robert," said the girl.

"Better yet," laughed the man. "It was a very gentle laugh, but it lighted up his careworn face wonderfully. It was a pleasure to the girl to see the change in his appearance. 'I hope this favored Robert appreciates the honor that was paid him.' I have no doubt he does."

And he bowed to the young woman with quite a courtly grace.

"Oh, thank you," she said with a smile and a nod of acknowledgment, "but the fact is he has forgotten all about it."

"Ungrateful Robert," said the stranger. "He didn't deserve the honor. I feel a personal sense of injury in his unworthiness. My name happens to be Robert, too."

The girl laughed at his earnestness. "I have no doubt there are excuses enough to make for his neglect," she said. "You see it happened so long ago—almost twenty-five years, and he has grown very, very rich, and has many interests at stake, and it isn't at all to be wondered at that he has quite forgotten his tiny godfather."

"And he's your godfather, too?" said the stranger. "Well, he must have an easy conscience. Just see how he has neglected his responsibilities."

"I fancy," said the girl with a little laugh, "that I have been able to do without his fatherly advice quite successfully. Anyway, I do not intend to change my name just to humiliate him. He was my father's earliest business associate and his first partner. They struggled along together and were successful in a modest way. My father was very fond of his partner, his senior in years, and his model of business intelligence. When I was born my father paid his partner the compliment of naming me after him. There was a little christening party which my father recalled many times. I was baptized by our dear old rector, and one of the sponsors was the man for whom I was named. I have been told that he was fond of me, but while I was still very young the firm was dissolved and my godfather went East to take to his modest fortune, and my father went still further West. But he did not prosper. We were not poor—he gave me an excellent education, but he added nothing to the sum that had been his share when the old firm dissolved. Then he fell ill, and after lingering in pain for many months died. My mother did not long survive him, and I was left alone. I had friends in the city where I was born and so came back to make it my home."

There was a little pause.

"And you were happy there?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes," replied the girl, "quite happy. I have many dear friends, and my books and my employment—I teach French in a private school. Those were some of the girls whom you saw on the station platform. This is our vacation time and I had been spending a few days with a house-party."

The girl looked at the stranger and softly laughed. "I don't know why I am inflicting you with these strictly personal details," she said in her frank manner. "I never favored an entire stranger in this way before. But I feel quite sure you will not betray our family secrets."

The gray mustached man laughed again.

"You mustn't trust me too far," he said. "A good many people fancy I am a destroying dragon. And it isn't a great deal of comfort to think they have formed this opinion without knowing me. But how about that precious godfather of yours? What was he doing while you were building and blossoming into lovely womanhood?"

"Building up a rampart of gold about him," she answered. "A rampart of railways and steamships, and stocks and bonds, and his cornerstone was his share of the profits that he and my father carried together. Everybody had heard of Robert Morgan."

The stranger sat quite still.

"Yes," he presently said. "It is a

familiar name—and not altogether a popular one. And so Robert Morgan is your neglected godfather?"

The girl nodded.

"It is your own phrase," she said. "I have no feeling of blame for him. Absorbed as he must have been in the petty occurrences of the old life. Yet I would like to meet him some time and have him tell me about my father in his younger days."

"Perhaps you will," said the stranger. He looked at the girl curiously as he spoke. "So you are Roberta Waring?" he slowly added.

The girl turned to him quickly.

"How do you know that?" she asked.

He did not reply for a moment. His gaze was still on her face and he slowly nodded his head.

"Roberta Waring," he slowly repeated; "John Waring's daughter. John Waring's daughter, who has grown to be a beautiful woman. Yes, yes." He passed his hand across his forehead.

"You knew my father?" cried the girl eagerly.

The stranger struck his hand sharply on his knee.

"Stupid! stupid!" he murmured. "Why, you are the girl who was to marry Jim Stillwell's boy! Yes, yes, I remember it now."

The girl suddenly turned and looked out of the window. The stranger could see a dull red flush rising in her cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "That was rude and unkind. I spoke thoughtlessly, and you must forgive me. I had seen your name in one of the New York papers."

The girl turned slowly. The flush was fading from her cheeks, but her eyes were moist.

"And my portrait," she said with a whimsical little smile.

"It wasn't a bit like you, my dear," said the stranger, with unshining haste. "It didn't do you justice in any particular."

The young woman smiled at his earnestness.

"Didn't you approve of the complexion?" she asked.

"It was dark, very dark," said the stranger; "suspiciously dark. It made you a pronounced brunette of the extreme type. It is a shame that such atrocious lies on art are countenanced."

"Ah," cried the girl, "you are making a joke of it."

"Don't you see? you were speaking of my portrait as a lie! that should not be countenanced. If it wasn't countenanced it wouldn't be a portrait, would it?"

"That was, unexcusable humor," said the stranger, "but it isn't half bad, is it? I must remember it. I don't think I have been humorous before for twenty years." Then his tone quickly changed. "So you are the independent young woman who refused to marry Jim Stillwell's boy?" he slowly said.

The girl looked at him with her clear brown eyes.

"I refused to marry him in the face of his family's opposition," she said. "It would have cost me my self-respect."

The stranger's eyes sparkled.

"Good," he said. "I like that sort of pride. But are you sure you love George Stillwell?"

"I had loved him a little less," she gently answered. "I would have married him at once. But I loved him too well to cloud his prospects. I knew he was entirely dependent on his father. I was determined he should not cross his father for my sake and to his own detriment." She paused suddenly.

"But why am I saying all this to you?"

The stranger looked at her admiringly.

"I fancy you are quite too good for Master George," he slowly said. "And I fancy Master George appreciates the fact. But really, it is George's mamma who leads the opposition. She calls you a rural schoolmarm, and she herself was a seamstress when Jim Stillwell married her."

"You are acquainted with the family?" the girl eagerly inquired.

"Yes," said the stranger. "And I'll tell you, in confidence, of course, that I consider George a particularly fine fellow. His mother is a little worldly, it is true, but after all she has a good heart and would make an exceptional mother-in-law. As for George's father, he wouldn't stand in the way of his son's happiness for a single moment if it wasn't for George's mother. But we'll bring his mother round, my dear. Don't you worry. It will come out all right. I was an art critic a moment ago, now I'm going to turn match-maker."

He laughed in his quiet way as the girl looked at him with dilated eyes.

But before she could speak an interruption occurred. The conductor came down the aisle hurriedly and handed the stranger a telegram.

"Received at the last station," he said.

"Pardon me," said the stranger as he swiftly glanced over the message.

Then he turned to the young woman with a queer little smile.

"Do you know that George's father is vice president and general manager of this line of railway?" he asked.

"Yes," the girl replied. She looked at him with slightly parted lips. Somehow she felt confidence in the good will of this singular man.

"Have you ever seen him?"

She shook her head.

"Jim's a good fellow," said the stranger with a faint smile. "And I fancy he would do anything for me—even to crossing his wife. Anyway, we'll soon see. Ah, here's Lakeville."

The train paused for a moment at the junction town and then flew on again. It waited long enough to take on board a tall and handsome man with a short gray beard, a man who came up the aisle looking to the right and left as he passed, and finally catching sight of the stranger hurried toward him with outstretched hand.

"You got my message?" he said.

"Yes," replied the stranger. "I was keeping a sharp lookout for you. But one moment, Jim. I have a pleasant surprise here. He quickly turned to the girl. "Roberta," he said, "let me introduce to you Mr. James Stillwell of New York. Miss Roberta Waring, Mr. James Stillwell. Miss Waring is my goddaughter, Jim. She's the daughter of my old partner, Colonel John Waring. Perhaps you recognize her name." His voice suddenly grew grave. "She is the young woman who is to marry your son," he said, "and while I may be a little prejudiced in the matter, I want to say to you that if anything she's much too good for the boy."

The tall man started slightly as he lifted his hat. Then he put out his hand to the blushing girl.

"Permit me, my dear," he said, and stooping quickly kissed her on the cheek.

"Take my seat and get acquainted,"

said Robert Morgan as he quietly arose. "The other business can wait."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

John C. Calhoun's Woeing.

Though an ardent lover fretting at time's slow course until his wedding day, John C. Calhoun wrote but one letter to his sweetheart—his pretty cousin Florida Calhoun. All the other communication, when the lovers were separated, were made through her mother. But shortly before their marriage "The Great Nullifier" wrote expressing his anxiety for the arrival of the happy day, and the letter recently came to light in the May Ladies' Home Journal. After giving hearty expression to the joy he has found in her company the letter runs:

"It gives me much satisfaction that time and absence make no impression on my love for you; it glows with no less ardor than at the moment of parting, which must be a happy omen of its permanent nature. When mere personal charms attract, the impression may be violent but cannot be lasting, and it requires the perpetual presence of the object to keep it alive; but when the beauty of mind, the soft and sweet disposition, the amiable and lovable character embellished with innocence and cheerfulness are united to the attractions of personal beauty, it bids defiance to time. Such, my dear Florida, are the amens by which you have conquered, and it is by these the durability of your sovereignty is established over your subject whom you hold in willing servitude. May God preserve you. Adieu, my love; my heart's delight. I am your true lover."

A Word Kept Him Up.

An absentminded ruffian was the cause of much amusement at a Memphis hotel a few night ago. He registered early after supper, but did not go to his room right off. About a o'clock, his usual bedtime, he remarked to the clerk that he believed he would "remain."

"All right," said the obliging man behind the counter. The big clock ticked off another hour, and the old man addressed the clerk again:

"I say I believe I'll remain."

"You have my permission, sir."

When the hands on the dial pointed to 11, the old fellow, who was so sleepy he hardly knew where he was "at," called out in a half angry voice:

"By the eternal, I say I believe I'll remain!"

Again the clerk assumed him of his permission, but the situation was becoming critical, and something had to be done.

"When you are ready to retire," said the clerk, "you can get your key at this desk."

"Retire," said the exasperated guest. "That is the very word I've been trying to think of for two hours. Give me the key to my room. I'll sleep until 10 o'clock in the morning to make up for lost time!"—*Memphis Schmitt.*

"Boss," said an old negro, looking in through the postoffice stamp window recently, "how much does hit tek ter sen' for letters?"

"Eight cents," said the man within.

"Hush!"

"Fact!"

The old man studied awhile, got out his leather book, vintage of 1855 and worried eight coppers out of the lining. Laying these on the counter he drew a long breath and said:

"Well, you can tek 'em go' long!"

"But where are the letters?"

"What is de hole? Why, I done drapt 'em in de hole' round' yonder!"

The letters were fished out, stamped and allowed to "go' long!"—*Macon Telegraph.*

After hearing evidence in an assault case between man wife, in which the wife had had a deal of provocation, the magistrate, turning to the husband, remarked:

"My good man, I really cannot do anything in this case."

"But she cut a piece of my ear off, sir."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I will bind her over to keep the peace."

"You can't," shouted the husband; "she's thrown it away!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

An advertisement recently published in a newspaper in Ireland set forth that "Michael Ryan begs to inform the public that he has a large stock of cars, wagoettes, trucks, horses and other pleasure vehicles, for sale or hire."

This is the same paper which, in a glowing description of a funeral, announced that "Mrs. B. of C— sent a magnificent wreath of artificial flowers in the form of a cross."

A Methodist critic, wishing to put his bishop "in a hole," or, as Dr. William Everett would say, "to deposit him in a cavity," asked in open meeting whether or not the bishop came to the conference in a Pullman car.

"Yes," the bishop cheerfully replied; "do you know any easier way?"—*Christian Register.*

De Kanter—Doctor wanted me to stop drinking between meals.

Soakley—And you are going to do it?

De Kanter—Well, I offered to compromise. Told him I'd be willing to stop drinking between drinks.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"If not yourself," said a wealthy old bachelor to a charming young lady, "whom would you rather be?"

"Yours truly," was the immediate reply.—*Buffalo News.*

"Joe, have you ever experienced a heartful disappointment?"

"Yes; I once tried to dye this old red mustache brown, and it turned green."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hoax. The doctor told me I had a high fever.

Hoax. How high?

Hoax. His bill makes it out to have been a \$15 one.

"That's Bigsweil, is it? What line is he in now?"

"Motor crank."

"Selling one, or is one,"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I see this magazine runs a column called 'Half-minute Talks.' 'Anything unusual?' 'Yes; it was edited by a woman.'"

Father—You have spent a fortune on the races and what have you realized? Son—That I am an idiot.—*Brooklyn Life.*

I knowed a society wantst to vote a monument to a man an' refuse to help his family all in wan night.—*Mr. Dooley.*

CASTORIA. The Kidney and Bladder Balm.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Old Kentucky Home.

"Federal Hill" is situated only a mile east of Bardonia, Ky. It was here that one of the most touching and most famous songs of the century was composed and sung. This old Kentucky home has been in the possession of the Rowan family for nearly a century. Judge John Rowan, once a United States Senator from Kentucky, and during his day one of the most famous jurists of the west, resided here for years. His son, the Hon. John Rowan, Jr., who was a man of splendid intellect and who held high official position during his lifetime, lived here until his death. Since then his widow, once a lady of great beauty and renowned popularity, and who even in her old age retains much of these splendid gifts, has resided.

It was here that "My Old Kentucky Home" was composed and sung.

One beautiful morning while the darkies were at work in the corn fields, and the sun shone with mighty splendor upon the waving grain—first giving it a color of bright red, then changing it to a golden hue—there was seated upon an old bench in front of this historic mansion two young people—a brother and a sister. High upon a tree-top was a mocking bird warbling its sweet notes. Over in the hidden recesses of a small bush the thrush's mellow song could be heard. A number of small darkies were playing near the not far away cabin door. The air was refreshing—just one of those May mornings when all nature seems so beautiful, and the feeling of every one so comfortable. The young man was of medium size, with a strong and pleasant face.

Beside him was seated a young woman of great beauty. Her hair hung over her shoulders in long golden tresses; her form was symmetrical and her face was unusually beautiful.

When the brother had finished the first verse, the fair girl took the paper from his hand and sang in a soft, sweet voice:

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home;

'Tis summer, the darkies are all gay;

The corn top's ripe and the meadows in the bloom,

While the birds are making music all the day;

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,

All merry, all happy, all bright;

By-and-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

On finishing the first verse the mocking bird descended to a lower bough. The feathered singer drew his head to one side and appeared to be completely enraptured at the wonderful voice of the young singer.

When the last sweet note had died away upon the air, her fond brother, who had just finished the chorus, sang in a deep bass voice:

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more today!

We'll sing our one song for the old Kentucky home,

For our old Kentucky home, far away.

The darkies had laid down the hoe and the rake; the little tots had placed themselves behind the large, sheltering trees, while the old black women were peeping around the corner of the mansion. The faithful old house dog, which lay basking in the sun, never took his eye off the young singers. Everything was still, not even the stirring of the leaves seemed to break the wonderful silence. Again the brother and sister took hold of the remaining notes, and both sang in sweet accents another verse:

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,

On the meadow, the hill and the shore;

They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,

On the beach by the old cabin door;

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,

With sorrow where all was delight;

The time has come when the darkies have to part,

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The thrush and the mocking bird drew closer and closer to the singers as they continued:

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,

Wherever the darkies may go;

A few more days and the trouble all will end,

In the field where the sugar comes grow.

A few days more to tote the weary load—

No matter, it will never be light;

A few more days till we tatter on the road;

Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

As the singers finished tears flowed down the old darkies' cheeks. The very little children emerged from their hiding places with broad smiles upon their faces. The mocking bird and thrush took wings to their homes, while the old coon dog still lay basking in the sun at the feet of the beautiful young maiden.

The young people were Stephen Collins Foster and Ella G. Foster.

Both were residents of Pennsylvania, but upon this occasion had come to Kentucky upon the pressing invitation of Judge Rowan to pay him an extended visit. Foster was the composer of many beautiful songs, but none of them the equal of "My Old Kentucky Home."

Wash the teapot out thoroughly with boiling hot soda snapsuds, then rinse with ammonia and water and finally two or three times in clean cold water and dry well. Keep this the teapot should be as bright inside as out, but remember to air it well after washing.

He. I will tell you a secret. She. (sighs). Thank you! If it is a secret I do not care to listen to it.—*Somerville Journal.*

LOCAL and CLIMATIC.

Nothing but a local remedy or change of climate will cure CATARRH.

The specific is Ely's Cream Balm.

It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Opens and cleanses the nasal passages. Allays inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Mercury. No Injurious Drugs. Regularity of Action. Family Size. Ely's Cream Balm.

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Calf Boots,

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Grain Boots,

Felt Boots,

Wool Boots,

Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLM'S,

187 THAMES STREET, Newport, R. I.

A Cool Philosopher.

There died not long ago, in Michigan a man whose ambition was to make a vast fortune in lumber. Like most men of ability who keep but one purpose in view, he attained his goal, but unlike many with whom fortune deals most kindly, he became a philosopher in the midst of success.

He was a little, gray haired, stoop-shouldered man, whose strangers seldom noticed unless he looked at them with his keen little eyes. Then they knew he was no ordinary man.

One day last summer he was wandering through a remote corner of his pine land empire when he discovered a man chopping trees.

"Is this your timber?" asked the old man, innocently, as he sat down on the log stump which the woodman had just felled.

"No," said the chopper, resting to chat with the stranger.

"Whose is it?"

"Oh, it belongs to old Ward. He owns all this timber."

"You're cutting it for him, then?"

"Not exactly. I've got my winter's work to get in."

"Ward would be mad if he knew that, wouldn't he?" remarked the little man.

"Would he be mad? Well, I should think he might be as stingy about the wood as if he expected to use it all himself."

"Have you cut much of it?"

"I've got about eight cords stowed away."

"Where have you got it?" continued the old man in his peevish voice.

"The woodman showed him where it was hidden. The proprietor grinned as he started away, saying:

"Much obliged to you for cutting it. I'm old Ward."

The old man was as simple in his habits as any woodman. In the morning he rose at 4 o'clock, and by 9 at night his house was always dark, and his family in bed.

Men who put on airs were more than he could stand. A promoter from the east, who prided himself on wearing the finest clothes that extravagance could buy, once called at his house in the country.

As the visitor drove into the winding roadway he noticed an old man with a hose sprinkling a lawn.

"Here," he cried, "take my horse."

The old man laid down the hose and took the horse's bridle, while the promoter went up to the front door and handed in his card to the maid, saying that he wanted to see the master of the house.

"You just saw him," said the maid. "Where?"

"He's holding your horse."

The promoter hurried back with a profuse apology. The little old man just grinned. He did no business with the promoter.

Crows in Pekin.

A feature of Pekin is the vast number of crows that are to be seen. Literally there are millions of them. They are everywhere. They are almost tame. They hop along the ground near your feet. They seem to have no fear. About 5 o'clock every afternoon they start a flight to the Forbidden city and the air is black with them. Before dark all the crows in Pekin are in the Forbidden city and the buildings there are covered with them. Those that are open are filled with them. The various thrones are roosting places no less than the roofs and the trees. The obvious reason for their nightly flight to the Forbidden city is that they are never disturbed. A superstitious Chinaman was asked by a stranger: "Why do all the crows go to the Forbidden city at night?" "To see the Son of Heaven," he said. "Ah, it is a great thing to see the Son of Heaven (the emperor). We cannot see him in this life. No one not an official can go into the Forbidden city, which is the most beautiful and most magnificent place in the world, but if we are good in this life we can go in when we die and we can see the Son of Heaven."

"But what has that to do with crows?" demanded the stranger. "Everything in the world," said the superstitious Chinaman. "When a Chinaman dies, if he has been good his spirit may enter a crow and then he can go in and out of the Forbidden city whenever he wants to. He may see the Son of Heaven every day and may feast his eyes on the splendor of the heaven-sent royalty forever."—New York Sun.

How a Butterfly Sleeps.

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downward. It folds and contracts its wings to the utmost. The effect is to reduce its size and shape to a narrow ridge, hardly distinguishable in shape and color from the seed heads on thousands of other stems around.

The butterfly also sleeps on the top of the stem. In the morning when the sunbeams warm them all these gray-pied sleepers on the grass tops open their wings, and the colorless beauties are starred with a thousand living flowers of purest azure.

Mrs. Bingo. You are perfectly welcome to another piece of cake, Willie, but I am afraid it will make you sick. Your mother told me particularly to give you but one piece.

Willie Slimson. That's all very well, but I don't know where the pantry is here.—Leslie's Weekly.

Mrs. Greene. If Charles married me for my money, he is still true to his original love. Not a day passes but he asks me for money.

Mrs. Gray. What devotion.

Mrs. Greene. Devotion.

Mrs. Gray. So touching, you know.

—Boston Transcript.

"There are actors in the profession who have too little regard for their calling. Now, I hold my art in the highest respect."

Bacon. Very true. I have noticed that you are never familiar with it.—Boston Transcript.

"No, I won't give you a piece of my apple," snapped the sister.

"And who was it?" the boy inquired reproachfully, "that spoiled the piano so you didn't have to practice for a week?"—Philadelphia Times.

She—You say girls are always in a hurry to get married.

He—Yes; that's precisely what I say.

"And yet you claim they are always late when it comes to the wedding."

O'Neil—I saved a man's life today.

Belle—How so?

Neil—He said he was dying to meet me, and I consented to an introduction.

"I noticed that nearly all the comedians are playing Hamlet now."

"Yes, and you can't deny that some of them are a good deal funnier than they were before."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Grow Up with the Town.

Many successful men are those who are designated as having "grown up with the town." Let your boys and girls grow up with "Heraldville," the town printed in colors, to be cut out and set up, and they will always be happy and industrious. "Heraldville," the great feature for children ever published, was issued April 24 in "Fun," the new colored supplement of The Boston Sunday Herald. Fun is charmingly printed in colors, and is beautifully illustrated by the best artists. It is replete with clever stories and pungent wit. A catchy song, with handsomely designed colored title page, adds to the attractive features of "Fun." This new departure on the part of The Herald will be welcomed with pleasure by its hundreds of thousands of readers. "Fun," the new colored supplement, is equal to the best published comic weeklies, and The Herald's past record as a newspaper of genuine worth is sufficient guarantee of its merit.

Profits in Fractions of Cents.

It is astonishing that trade in these days is making its enormous profits in the fractions of a cent. In one of the cities of the country there was a bank president who gave his millions for philanthropic purposes. During his life, even on the days when he was almost too infirm to walk, he would trudge sadly and brokenly to his home. One day a man met him on the street and said: "Why don't you take the street car?"

He instantly replied, "My dear friend, do you appreciate the fact that a hundred dollars would have to work half a week to pay that fare?"

And yet he gave two millions to a library and another million to a hospital. This is the spirit of modern money making. On the one hand it gets the millions through the fractions of cents, and with the other it spends the millions without regard to decimals.—Saturday Evening Post.

Things You Can't Do.

You can't stand for five minutes without moving if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both of your feet touching the adjoining lengthwise.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it—that is if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it.

You can't crush an egg when placed lengthwise between your hands—that is, if the egg is sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand, and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

The Happy Medium.

A clergyman relates that a worthy Irishman with an impediment in his speech brought him a child to be baptized. While making a record of it he was in some doubt as to the correct spelling of the family name given to him and asked the man how he wrote it.

"Indeed and I don't write it at all," was the reply.

"I just want to know," said Father Boyle, "whether the name is 'McGrath' or 'Magrath'—whether the second part of it is spelled with a big 'G' or a little 'g'."

After scratching his head hopelessly the puzzled parent saw his way out of the difficulty. "Well, father, just spell it with a middlin' sized 'g'."—Exchange.

At a drawing class the master one evening was expressing his disgust at so few commercial men being able to sketch anything on paper, and, picking up a bottle, he said:

"If you were to ask 100 commercial men to draw that bottle 75 per cent. of them would be unable to do so."

"Aye, aye," replied one of his pupils, "but just ask them to draw the cork!"—Tid-Bits.

"You say your boy at college writes for the magazines?"

"Yes, he's written several articles for them."

"I don't suppose he's a professional writer?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he doesn't write for money."

"Doesn't he? You ought to see some of the letters he writes to me!"

"I know I express myself lamely, Miss Thriller," the young man faltered, "but I want to tell you how much I love—"

"Mr. McGinnis," interrupted the assistant editor of the Weekly Society Recorder, with a vivid blush, "can you do it in about 200 words?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Your love letters," wrote a Boston man to his New York fiancée gently, but firmly, "are not couched in the exactest English."

"My love letters," replied she, "are not for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith."—Detroit Free Press.

The caller looked around her upon a condition of general untidiness.

"I'm doing my own housework now," apologized the hostess.

"Oh, are you?" said the caller. "I hadn't noticed that it was done."—Detroit Free Press.

"I understand that Franklin has come to the conclusion to contest his wife's will."

"Well, what is there courageous about that? She's dead, isn't she?"—Richmond Dispatch.

First fiancée—I gave my boy \$10,000 to operate with in the street the other day, and he made \$3000.

Second fiancée—Clear?

"Yes. That's what he had left."—Detroit Free Press.

"My hero dies in the middle of my latest novel," said the young author.

"That's a grave mistake," replied the editor. "He should not die before the reader does."—Atlanta Constitution.

"What a peculiar monacle that golfer is wearing!"

"Yes, that, it is the very latest. It is called the hood-monacle!"—Detroit Journal.

"Well, Jimmy, did you have a good time at the party?"

"You bet I did, pop. Why, there wasn't a girl there I didn't make cry."—Harper's Bazar.

"Say, pa somebody's being murdered up there!"

"O, no, sunny! A man's having his tooth pulled without pain!"

The City Woman's Outing.

"What the average American woman who lives in the city needs most of all in the summer is an entire change from what constitutes her life during the winter," writes Edward Bok, in the May Ladies' Home Journal. "She wants pleasure, for that is good for all of us in moderate quantities, and particularly for the housekeeper. She needs those healthy pleasures and that quiet content which enables her to occupy her mind with the things around her and shut out all thought of the life behind her and that which is before her, so that when she is ready to go back to her home she can take up her duties again with a vim and a zest born of new strength and fresh energy. The last thing she ought to think of is the question of dress. She should have complete immunity from that of all things. Now, every sensible woman knows that this rest and freedom from dress and conventionality are what her being requires, and she likewise knows that these things are not to be had at the average summer hotel. Then let her keep herself and her children far away from this evil of our summers. She will save herself, her children and her money, and for what she expends in a quieter way, in some real country place, where the conventionalities and the evils that follow in their train are absent, she will get a double and triple return."

He Looked Like Harrison.

The other morning a gentleman with white beard, closely cropped, and quite an aldermanic girth walked down Pennsylvania avenue to the capitol. On the way he stepped into a shop kept by John Denham to make a purchase. The shopkeeper looked at his customer closely.

"Did any one ever tell you," he asked, "that you looked like ex-President Harrison?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I have heard it said very often. Do you think there is a resemblance?"

"I should say so," answered Denham. "I never saw General Harrison, but from his picture I should say you were a dead finger of him."

The purchaser gave a little chuckle, as if he were intensely pleased and then went out of the shop, proceeding on his way to the capitol. Denham went to the door and looked after him. Standing in the doorway was Al Reed, the District agent of the Atlantic Coast line.

"Al," said Denham, did you see that man who was in here just now?"

"Yes," said Reed.

"I told him, said Denham, "that he looked just like ex-President Harrison."

"Of course he did!" exclaimed Reed. "That was Harrison himself."—Washington Post.

Impertinent Question.

"Give me Lincoln, Neb., please, and connect me with the Commander of the fleet."

"There you have it."

"Is this Editor Bryan?"

"Yes."

"I understand that you are not trying to get yourself nominated again for the presidency."

"That is quite right, sir. If I am ever a candidate again, I—"

"Just one question, Mr. Bryan, please."

"What is your choice for Democratic nominee in 1902?"

At this point there was a crash that shattered the wire and it was impossible to reopen communication. Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

German Crown Prince in Love.

It is rumored on the continent that the crown prince of Germany, who, soldierly bearing called forth much favorable comment during his short stay in England, has actually fallen in love with one of the youngest granddaughters of the late Queen Victoria.

The girl in question is only 14 years old, so that no wedding festivities are anticipated for some time to come, but the story goes that the young couple have been formally betrothed to one another with the consent and approval of both the king and the German emperor.

The princess is an attractive little maid, and is the daughter of one of the most popular ladies in England.

Old Age of a big Tree.

Last year Gov. Gage and a party of friends drove through the big redwood trees with a man at the reins who is a fixture in that vicinity, and as garrulous and ready to answer questions as the most cheerful of his ilk.

"About how old do you suppose that tree is?" asked one of the party, a visiting New Yorker.

"We reckon that there tree's just 1000 years old," readily responded the driver.

"Here, John," drawled Gov. Gage, "leaxact; that tree is 1011 years old."

"Well, I'll be blowed," gasped the driver; "how do you know it, Governor?"

"I was here just 11 years ago, and you told me then it was 1000 years. So it must be 1011 now," answered California's chief executive.—San Francisco News-Letter.

Funston—the Man from Kansas.

William Allen White will contribute to an early number of The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, a striking anecdotal article on "Fighting Frod" Funston, the man who captured Aguinaldo. This is the second of a series of remarkable character studies by this brilliant journalist now appearing in The Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. White will also contribute to early numbers of the magazine an unusually interesting short serial story dealing with Kansas life.

"So that is Prof. Dash of the Blank University, is it? Well, what has he been doing to set the people to talking about him?"

"Nothing at all—nothing but teach his classes. That's why I'm pointing him out to you."—Chicago Tribune.

Bilson—Now, in India, Great Britain maintains a corps of war elephants which are trained to march in single file. Bilkins—That would be sort of a trunk line, wouldn't it?

A gentleman was giving a boy some peanuts the other day. The mother said, "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman?" The little fellow looked up, and replied "More!"

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Women's Dep't.

Wife's Wages Her Husband's

The Appellate Term of the New York Supreme Court, consisting of Justices Bischoff, Leventritt, and Clarke, has handed down a decision holding that a married woman living with her husband has no right to recover damages on account of diminished earning capacity by her, owing to injuries received by her, unless she can show some reason why she is entitled to the fruits of her labor. The suit was brought by Pauline Klapper, in the Municipal Court, against the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, for the recovery of \$500 damages on account of an accident alleged to have been caused by the company. Mrs. Klapper obtained a judgment from which the railway company appealed. The Appellate Term reversed the judgment of the court below.

The opinion is written by Justice Leventritt, and is concurred in by the other justices. He says the sole question presented is whether the admission of certain testimony on behalf of the plaintiff constituted a reversible error. The plaintiff was asked what her earnings a week averaged. She said she earned \$8 to \$10 a week. This testimony was objected to on behalf of the defendant corporation, and on cross-examination it developed that Mrs. Klapper was a married woman. A motion to strike out this evidence was denied by the trial judge.

"On the proof in this case," says Justice Leventritt, "the testimony was inadmissible. At common law the husband was entitled absolutely to the services and earnings of his wife, and neither the enabling act of 1860, nor the older one of 1884, has affected this right, unless the services and earnings were rendered or received expressly upon her sole and separate account."

Justice Leventritt cites several decisions on the subject.

"In the case at bar," says Justice Leventritt, "the record discloses nothing but the single fact that the plaintiff did washing for third persons, and that these earnings went toward the family's support. A different question might be presented were the husband permanently disabled, and unable to contribute anything to the living expenses. The proof here, however, only shows that the husband was temporarily incapacitated and had been in the hospital for a week, but there is otherwise absolutely nothing to overcome the strength of the presumption of the husband's continued liability to support his wife, and of his performance of that duty, and of his consequent common-law right to her earnings."

"With the husband entitled presumptively to all the earnings of his wife, the mere fact of her working out, at the expense, perhaps, of the performance of her household and domestic services, to which he is concededly entitled in any event, there must be something averred—and in the case of oral pleas proved—to show that she labored on her own account. In the absence of a proper foundation it was error to admit the testimony, and the judgment should therefore be reversed."

A new trial of the action is directed. —N. Y. Evening Post.

Mrs. Louis Osborné Ferson of Chicago has invented an army ration, made of pork and beans baked into a thin, dark-colored biscuit, four inches long and two wide. It is seasoned to taste, and is said to be as palatable as it is nourishing. Lieutenant Evelyn B. Baldwin, director of the Baldwin-Ziegler polar expedition, and himself an inventor of condensed foods, has ordered 30,000 pounds of the new ration for his Arctic trip. Mrs. Ferson studied languages at Vassar, and took honors in philosophy at Wellesley. She became interested in food problems through the work of her sister, Dr. Grace Osborné, who is professor of hygiene in the Woman's Medical College of Chicago. The two women worked out together the relative values of different kinds of nutritive substances, and the biscuits are the result. Mrs. Ferson went to Washington last week to consult with the army department on a proposition to supply the food to the troops. The Chicago Tribune says: "Nearly all the stock-yards packing-houses have made offers to put up the ration, but Mrs. Ferson intends to retain full ownership of her idea, and is even considering the construction of a factory for producing the article in large quantities. Armour & Co. are putting up the Baldwin consignment."

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors or to be forwarded, must be in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, c/o Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1901.

THE COOKES OF RHODE ISLAND
DESCENDANTS OF WALTER
COOKE OF WEYMOUTH, MASS.

1613-1870.

BY H. RUTH COOKE.

XII.

Seth Cooke (30), born April 28, 1699, married Experience, probably daughter of John Butterworth, who by his wills found in New England Gen. Register, Vol. 41, p. 102, mentions Experience Butterworth, born May 23, 1701, married Cooke. She was daughter of Benjamin Butterworth, born Oct. 31, 1672, who married Huldah Hayward, January 6, 1692, daughter of Samuel and Melitah Hayward; whose children were Sarah, Samuel, Benjamin, and Experience, born May 24, 1701, whose grandfather was John Butterworth of Rehoboth and Swansea, born 1630, deacon of Baptist Church, died 1708, married Sarah, and had eleven children, the youngest Benjamin, father of Experience. The Butterworths married into the same Thayer family as these Cookes did, as Mary Butterworth, sixth child of John Butterworth, married (2) Samuel Thayer, son of Ferdinand and Huldah (Hayward) Thayer; and Abigail Cooke, no. 95, married Joseph Thayer, son of Samuel, son of Ferdinand Thayer.

But Mary Butterworth, dau. of John and Sarah, aforesaid, married (1) Ebenezer Jencks, pastor of First Baptist Church in his death in 1726 (see p. 113, Austin's Gen. Diet.), and her daughter, Phoebe Jencks married John Comstock, as his first wife (see p. 203, Austin's Diet.), and No. 201, Uriah Cooke, married Mary Comstock.

Child was 102. Seth Cooke, born March 27, 1720, over whom his uncle, Nicholas Cooke, was appointed guardian, Feb. 25, 1730-1. Seth married, April 5, 1749, Mary Cass, and lived in north part of Weymouth, called "Old Spain." Seth Cooke, Jeremiah Brown, Peter Cooke, Benjamin Cooke, Joseph Cooke, Samuel Cooke, members of a Military Company, August 9, 1710, to go to Port Royal, under Captain Richard Arnold and Ensign Samuel Comstock.

Perhaps other children. Daniel Cooke (37) died in Wrentham, Mass., where he made his will, March 22, 1771; husbandman, "Being grown old and full of infirmities," having already given deeds of gifts to my two sons Daniel and Aaron, now living with or near me, "of all my real estate," gives all personal property and use of, to "my dear wife Susanna," and after her death to be divided into thirds, between son-in-law James Ballou, and his wife Tamsin; grandson Peter Darling, son of Peter and Priscilla (Cooke) deceased; son-in-law David Newell, and his wife Susanna Cooke.

Witnesses: Paul Jilson, Uriah Jilson, Jr., Stephen Jilson.

Probated April 11, 1788. This signing with a cross, Rev. S. R. Maitland explains, in his "Dark Ages," was considered in this making the sign of his holy religion, as taking an oath, preferring the notary to sign, or write in the name. Or the cross was made on account of physical inability. Perhaps in this case made because Daniel Cooke was a Quaker, whose cause did not permit him to take an oath.

Suffolk Court, General Sessions, 291. August 30, 1780, David Aldrich returns upon oath the names of the following Anabaptists: David Aldrich, William Sprague, both of Mendon, Joseph Scott, Silvanus Scott, David Cooke, no. 88, of Hellingham, Thomas Mann, Jr., Daniel Cooke, of Wrentham, aforesaid, Josiah Thayer, of Uxbridge (see p. 91, Vol. 41, New Eng. Gen. Reg.). Daniel Cooke married Susanna about 1723.

Children were: 103. Tamsin Cooke, born June 17, 1725; whom the history of Wrentham calls Jennison Cooke, which could have been her name, for Jennison Blice, who married Michael Adams, and had a daughter Michael who married John Adams, brother of Dr. Peter Adams, who married Experience Cooke, no. 9. Tamsin died in Richmond, N. H., April 21, 1804, married June 7, 1744, in Wrentham, Mass., James Ballou.

104. Daniel Cooke married Abigail Blackmore, of Providence, R. I., born 1733; she married (2) July 7, 1796, Noah Ballou; she died September 9, 1808.

105. Aaron Cooke married and had daughter Elizabeth Cooke, born Aug. 9, 1759, who married Silas Jilson, and had a son Clark Cooke Jilson.

106. Priscilla Cooke married April 9, 1749, Peter Darling, son of Benjamin Darling and Miss Clarke; she died before June 12, 1768, when Peter Darling married second, Hannah Cooke (no. 8); and Hannah married second, Asa Ballard.

107. Susanna Cooke married David Newell.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

1551. BAKER.—In his Genealogical Dictionary, Austin states that James Baker, of Haverhill, Essex, England, sailed in 1634 in "Ship Mary and John," for America, and died on the voyage. Also that his son James sailed from Newport and married Barbara Dungan. Can any of his descendants refer to evidence of such emigration, and of the ancestry of James Baker, of Haverhill, Essex, England?—T. G. B.

1552. TURNER.—Will some one kindly give me the ancestry of Charity Turner, who married 1699-90, Robert Miller, Jr.?—A. L. W.

1553. THAYER.—Wanted ancestry of

Melitable Thayer, who married 1729, Benjamin Miller.—A. L. W.

1551. COVILL, BENJAMIN.—Wanted, ancestry of Mary Covill, who married Thomas Burgess, in 1742; and of Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Burgess, the father of above mentioned Thomas.—A. L. W.

1555. "BALCHORE COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Committee July 11, 1770. Ordered, That the Chairman grant Dr. James Houston a permission to depart with his vessel, and that he advise the committee of Somerset of our having taken security of the said James Houston in the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for his good behavior, and that the same was done from several suspicious circumstances which gave reason to believe him inclined to the interest of America, and requesting that they will give directions whether the said security shall be delivered up; which, it is presumed, they ought to do, provided the Committee of Somerset either choose to take security of said Houston themselves, or have sufficient reason to believe him a friend of the country."

James Houston, of Georgia, surgeon of Continental Army, acquired to half pay commutation, and bounty land under act of Congress.

James Houston, private in the 6th company of Lt. Col. Francis Marion's South Carolina regiment, as it stood Nov. 1, 1770.

On June 20, 1780, a battle was fought at Rainsour's Mills, N. C. between the Whigs and Tories. The former were distinguished by white paper worn in their hats and the latter by twigs of pine. During this battle upwards of three hundred persons were killed and wounded. What connection is there between the above mentioned James Houston? Did either of the James Houstons attain the rank of Captain?

One James Houston, of Cabarrus county, North Carolina, was said to have been killed in the skirmish at Rainsour's Mills. Who can furnish me with facts?—G. S.

1559. GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL WORKS.—Who has any of the following works that he would be willing to loan or would like to sell? The Early History of Vermont, by Hildred Hall 1869; Child's Rutland County Gazetteer, Vt. 1882; Hayward's Rutland County Gazetteer, Vt. 1819; Thompson's History of Vermont, 1812; Cushman and Mansfield's History of New England 1836.—F. H. G.

1557. CASEY.—Who was Elizabeth Casey, first wife of Charles Stubbuck? His first wife was daughter of William Casey of Easton, New York, presumably the Rhode Island family. I would like parents of Elizabeth. Charles Stubbuck married second Elizabeth Clark, daughter of Francis, with wife Mary, the family I think from Nantucket.—M. L. T. A.

1558. BROWNELL, FISH.—Phileas Brownell, born 1768, married 1790, died 1855, married Mabel Beale born about 1751, in Kingstown, Rhode Island, (I think) died 1830. She was daughter of Elijah Brownell, born 1730, married Sarah Fish. Hamilton Fish of the Treasury Department descendant of this family. Elijah and Sarah (Fish) Brownell had Benjamin, Elizabeth, George, Phileas, Joshua, Sarah, Elijah. Where were they born? They went first to Nine Partners, Dutchess County, New York, then to Easton, New York. Wanted ancestry of Elijah Brownell and Sarah Fish.—M. L. T. A.

1559. MARSH, DARLING.—I am very desirous of learning the ancestry, with dates, of Chloe Marsh, born in Mendon, Mass., April 30, 1768, and who married there, October 6, 1786, Seth Darling, born in Mendon, Mass., March 21, 1761, son of Thomas and Rachel (White) Darling, and grandson of Benjamin and Melitah (White) Darling, and great grandson of Dennis and Hannah (Francis) Darling of Braintree and Mendon, Mass. The brothers and sisters of the above Chloe Marsh were Daniel, born 1763; Lydia; Abiah; Volney; Alanzo; Jason; Polly; and perhaps Reuben. Most of the above children, with Seth and Chloe (Marsh) Darling, removed to the vicinity of Woodstock, Windsor County, Vermont. The slightest information of the above Marsh family with ancestry, would be very acceptable.—C. P. D.

1560. INMAN, STREETER.—Can any one give me the slightest information concerning the ancestry and maiden name, with dates, of Mrs. Mary Inman, who married in Cumberland, R. I., March 4, 1752, Lieutenant Joseph Streeter, born in Wrentham, Mass., July 5, 1710, son of Joseph and Elizabeth (Titus) Streeter. The above Mrs. Mary Inman was the widow of Stephen Inman, who died in Cumberland, R. I., May 19, 1750, by whom she had three children, Joseph, born September 23, 1745, at Glocester, R. I.; Deborah, born Aug. 16, 1748, in Glocester, R. I.; and Stephen, born April 19, 1750, in Cumberland, R. I. Lieutenant Joseph Streeter died, probably in Cumberland, R. I., Aug. 8, 1778. Wanted, the date of Mary's death. It is possible that she was a Barton or related to the Barton family of R. I. I hope some one can give me some light on her maiden name and ancestry.—C. P. D.

ANSWERS.

1221. CLASE.—I never remember to have seen this query answered, asking for the wife and children of William Chase, son of the first William of Yarmouth, Massachusetts, born about 1622, died 1685. The name of this wife is not known, but the children were: 1. William, married first Hannah Sherman, daughter of Philip and Sarah (Olding) second, December 6, 1732, Perry. 2. Jacob, married Mary. 3. Elizabeth, married Daniel Baker, 1674-5. 4. Abraham, married Elizabeth

6. Joseph, married Sarah Sherman, daughter of Samuel, February 23, 1693. 7. Benjamin, married Abigail Borden, of John, September 21, 1706. 8. Samuel, married Sarah Sherman, daughter of Samuel, 1692.

The genealogy of Joseph Chase says this family were born in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, from 1616 to 1672, were Quakers; also says that the last four children were by a second wife. All children are found in Rhode Island, excepting John and Elizabeth, born 1690 to 1701. William, Jacob, Joseph, and Samuel, went to Swansea in 1700, and were there members of Society of Friends, until their death. Who can tell who was Mary, wife of Jacob? Benjamin, uncle of William, also married Philippa, daughter of Philip and Sarah (Olding) Sherman, sister of Hannah. J. P. S. S.

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Middletown.

A special session of the Town Council was held in the Town Clerk's Office on last Saturday afternoon, which was attended by all the members, when a license was granted to Freeborn Coggeshall and John Nickerson to hold a masked ball.

Peckham Brothers presented an account for crushed stone furnished the several Road Districts amounting to \$248.67, which was allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury.

A resolution was also passed requiring the Newport and Fall River Street Railway Company to make the necessary repairs on all crossings of their railway, including those to private estates. Some of these crossings have been partly torn up during the past winter.

Claims for damages done by dogs were presented by Albert A. Wilbur for sheep killed and bitten \$21.30, by John H. H. of Portsmouth for geese killed and bitten \$11.30 and by Aulone Costa for geese killed and wounded \$80.70. The claims were all allowed and the claimants were granted orders on the dog fund.

Another meeting of the Middletown Free Library Association was held on Monday evening, when the Committee on procuring a site for the new library building reported inability to obtain one as yet, land having apparently appreciated in value very materially in the vicinity where it is desired to locate. The Committee on designs and plans had nothing to present and little progress could be made in advancing the undertaking.

Portsmouth.

Mrs. George S. Sherman is suffering from a severe attack of the grip.

The first island asparagus of the season was raised by Mr. Arthur Leland Borden, of Portsmouth.

Mrs. Charles Carr is seriously ill.

A Portuguese on the island lost several valuable geese last week, the result of a dog getting among them.

Rev. Edward H. Macy, of North Westport, Mass., will preach tomorrow at the Christian Church, South Portsmouth.

Mrs. John Grimes has been to Worcester, attending the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Mary Walters.

Jamestown.

Corporals H. Kinnaman and Carl Fickett, Seventy-second company, coast artillery, have been promoted sergeants. They are stationed at Fort Greble.

Mr. T. D. Wright will rebuild the Luther building as soon as the work of clearing away the debris is completed.

Steamer Connecticut was inspected on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George West have moved from Newport to take up their residence in Jamestown.

The first asparagus on this island was raised by John A. Carr.

Election of Officers.

Major A. A. Barker Association. President—J. Joseph M. Martin. Vice President—Frank S. Polderman. Secretary and Treasurer—Robert M. Biesel. Entertainment Committee—John J. Conlin, Jeremiah Sullivan, Herbert Smith.

Newport Artillery Company. Colonel Bliss has appointed the following non-commissioned officers of the Newport Artillery Company.

Corporals—Robert M. Biesel, Howard M. Ackers, David A. Lawton, Harold M. Sherman, George S. Gilliam, Milton Dennis, Clarence A. Peabody. Sergeant Major—Henry S. Bliss. Quartermaster—Sergeant—Oscar E. Penobly. Commissary Sergeant—Albert T. Batley. Ordnance Sergeant—Thomas H. Lawton. Ensign Sergeant—Sidney H. Harvey. Color Sergeant—David. Chief Musician—Daniel A. Peckham. Musicians—Robert Patterson, Jr., Henry C. Sherman, Jr.

Woman's Home Missionary Society of the First M. E. Church.

President—Miss Battle C. Tibbitts. Vice Presidents—Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. Robert C. Bacheiler, Mrs. Ira W. Wilbur. Recording Secretary—Mrs. John P. Peckham.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. H. E. Belz. Transfers—Mrs. George E. Martin, Mrs. John A. Hazard.

Paper Agent—Mrs. Clarence Stanhope. Flower Committee—Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. John A. Hazard, Miss Gertrude Allen.

Supply Committee—Mrs. William H. Stanhope, Mrs. Robert C. Bacheiler, Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. William G. Peckham.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice of Applications

—FOR—

Liquor Licenses.

AT THE MEETING of the board of Police, Commissioners of the city of Newport, held Friday, April 20, 1901, the following named persons made applications for liquor licenses under the provision of Chapter 102 of the General Laws of Rhode Island, to sell pure, spirituous, intoxicating and malt liquors within the limits of the city, namely:

FIRST CLASS.

W. D. Rife & Co., 20 Thames street.
John T. Martin, 633 Thames street.

SECOND CLASS.

Cornelius J. Sullivan, 102 Thames street.

The Board of Police Commissioners will be in session at their office, City Hall Building on Friday, May 10, at 10 p. m., when opportunity will be given for remonstrants to be heard before acting upon said applications.

All bonds must be filed at least three days before the hearing, as no application will be acted upon until the bond has been approved.

Published by order of the Police Commissioners.

GEO. H. VAUGHAN, Clerk.

5-12w

Industrial School.

SEALED PROPOSALS (addressed to the Chairman of the Committee) for building an addition to the Industrial School will be received at the office of the Superintendent of Schools, City Hall, until five o'clock, Friday, May 10, 1901, at 5 p. m.

The plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the architect, Messrs. A. C. White and Son, 63 Green, one block east of the City Hall.

No proposal will be considered unless accompanied by the names of the sub-contractors and proposed bondsmen.

The contractor must be a resident of Newport.

The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Committee: F. AUGUSTUS WARD, Chairman.

No. 192.

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, April 24, 1901.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$24,155.72
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	50.00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Stocks, securities, etc.	61,600.00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	6,800.00
Due from State Banks and Bankers	2,201.16
Due from approved reserve agents	107,222.70
Checks and other cash items	1,288.90
Notes of other National Banks	1,500.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	50.01
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	12,270.50
Legal-tender notes	15,625.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,700.00
Total	\$306,611.72

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	100,000.00
Surplus fund	50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	41,753.56
National Bank notes outstanding	101,190.00
Due to other National Banks	5,433.11
Dividends unpaid	835.10
Individual deposits subject to check	251,283.25
Certified checks	240.00
Cashier's checks outstanding	271.57
Total	\$306,611.72

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, George H. Prohm, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1901.

Correct—Attest: Perry C. Case, Gardner R. Reynolds, Edw. S. Peckham, Directors.

WANTED.

THREE NEWPORT MERCURIES of 1870, viz: FEB. 10th, MARCH 18th and APRIL 8th, for which I will give twenty-five cents each. Address: MRS. GEO. W. SMITH, 11 East 20th Street, New York City.

WANTED.

The NEWPORT MERCURY containing Genealogical column, from first date of column to the 27th May, 1890. Answer, stating price, MRS. G. WILSON SMITH, 11 East 20th Street, New York City.

No. 166.

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, April 24, 1901.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$224,850.81
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	2,606.75
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Stocks, securities, etc.	101,571.73
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	6,800.00
Due from approved reserve agents	45,438.50
Checks and other cash items	2,312.51
Exchanges for clearing-house	171.00
Notes of other National Banks	615.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	735.72
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	23,021.45
Legal-tender notes	30,721.45
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000.00
Total	\$361,906.92

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	22,230.10
National Bank notes outstanding	100,000.00
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	37,001.31
Due to approved reserve agents	1,253.18
Individual deposits subject to check	181,226.81
Certified checks	110.22
Checks payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	30,000.00
Total	\$361,906.92

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, George H. Prohm, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, A. D. 1901.

Correct—Attest: Perry C. Case, Gardner R. Reynolds, Edw. S. Peckham, Directors.

No. 167.

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, Wednesday, April 24, 1901.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$250,033.17
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	120,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. deposits	20,000.00
Stocks, securities, etc.	20,000.00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	15,000.00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	1,214.00
Due from approved reserve agents	15,407.31
Checks and other cash items	30.42
Notes of other National Banks	1,506.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	221.51
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	1,900.00
Legal-tender notes	10,033.09
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	6,000.00
Total	\$510,721.06

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	100,000.00
Surplus fund	50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	22,011.61
National Bank notes outstanding	112,500.00
Due to Savings Banks	12,224.18
Dividends unpaid	253.00
Individual deposits subject to check	15,011.05
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,200.25
U. S. Deposits	6,651.00
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers	1,114.65
Total	\$510,721.06

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, Nathaniel R. Swinburne, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of May, 1901.

Correct—Attest: L. Goodwin Hobbs, T. Mansford Senior, John S. Langley, Directors.